FEB.
NO. 44

ADVENTURES INTO TERROR

10¢

DON'T MISS THE MOST FRIGHTENING STORY EVER WRITTEN!

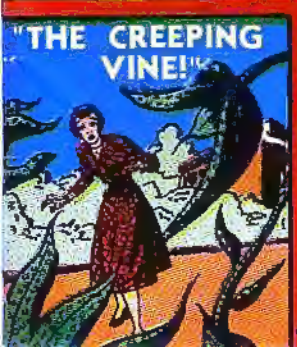
"WON'T YOU STEP INTO MY PARLOR...?"

ALSO

"THE STRANGER!"

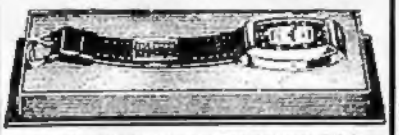
"NO ESCAPE!"

"THE CREEPING VINE!"



WE'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH! WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE! THE CEILING IS STILL COMING DOWN!
DAVID... I CAN'T GET THRU THE DOOR! IT'S TOO SMALL! MY ARM! I CAN'T EVEN GET IT OUT!

GIVEN
PREMIUMS - CASH



GIRLS! BOYS! LADIES! MEN! Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. Simply Give beautiful pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We trust you. Send no money now. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon today. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-F, Tyrone, Pa.

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Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15 inches in height, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. Simply Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. 55th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-G, Tyrone, Pa.

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WE ARE RELIABLE

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot. Movie Machines with roll of film. Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. Simply Give pictures with White Cloverine Brand Salve easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-H, Tyrone, Pa.

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Be First

BE FIRST

Boys - Girls - Ladies - Men

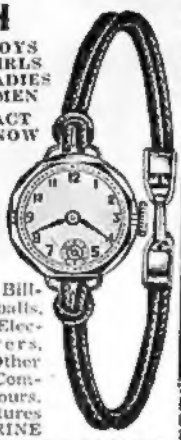
Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks, Telescopes, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 55th year. Write or mail coupon today. Be first. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 148-J, TYRONE, PA.

Our 55th Year

Act Now

GIVEN-GIVEN
PREMIUMS - CASH

BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES
MEN
ACT NOW



Wrist Watches, Billfolds, Radios, Footballs, Movie Machines, Electric Record Players, (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture)and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today for starting order. Send no money now. We trust you. 55th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-K, Tyrone, Pa.

PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH

BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES
MEN

Mail Coupon

ACT NOW

MAIL COUPON

55th YEAR

Complete Fishing Kits, Ukuleles, Flashlights (sent postage paid). Other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon today. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-L, Tyrone, Pa.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-MC, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME..... AGE.....

ST..... R.D..... BOX.....
ZONE

TOWN..... NO..... STATE.....

Print LAST Name Here

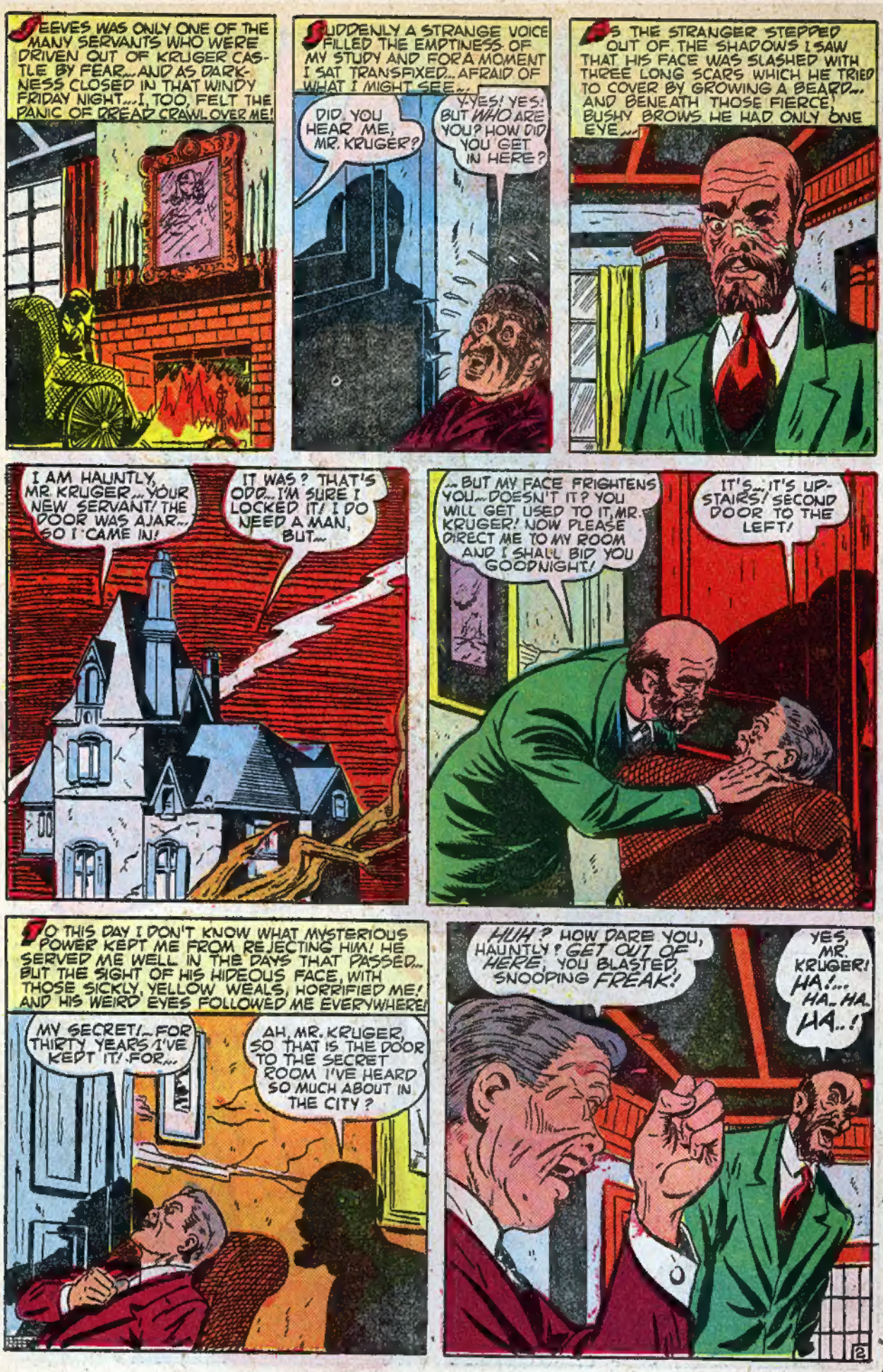
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

ADVENTURES INTO TERROR is published by CURRENT DETECTIVE STORIES, INC. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Application for second-class entry pending at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Holyoke, Mass. Published bi-monthly. Copyright 1950 by CURRENT DETECTIVE STORIES, INC., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Vol. 1 No. 44 FEBRUARY 1951 Issue. Price 10c per copy. Subscription rate $1.00 for 12 issues. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

THE STRANGER
NO! NOTHING CAN INDUCE ME TO STAY ON AS YOUR SERVANT IN THIS TOMB YOU CALL A HOUSE, MR. KRUGER! YOU AND THAT SECRET ROOM OF YOURS CAN GO TO BLAZES FOR ALL I CARE! GOOD NIGHT... AND GOOD-BYE!
DON'T GO, JEEVES! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT THAT ROOM! PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE LIKE ALL THE OTHERS HAVE! I CAN'T WALK... I'M HELPLESS!
A MEDIEVAL ADVENTURE INTO TERROR ...BUT IT HAPPENED THIS YEAR...AND IN THIS COUNTRY!
STORY BY HENRY P. CHAPMAN
7773

THE HOLLOW ECHOES OF MY VAIN PLEAS MOCKED ME AS I WATCHED THE MURKY SHADOWS SWALLOW JEEVES' RETREATING FORM... LEAVING BEHIND HIM A MAN BROKEN IN BODY AND TREMBLING WITH FEAR AND APPREHENSION...
HE'S GONE! NO ONE IS HERE NOW... I MUST BOLT THE DOORS! THEY ALL WANT TO KNOW THE SECRET OF MY ROOM!

I WAS ALONE ONCE MORE WITHIN THE SEPULCHRAL SILENCE OF KRUGER CASTLE! I WHEELED MY SICKENED BODY PAST THE ANCIENT HALLS AND PASSAGES, THEN PAUSED BEFORE THE DOOR WHICH HELD THE SECRET OF THE BITTERNESS WHICH WAS SLOWLY CONSUMING MY LIFE...
I SWEAR BY ALL THE THUNDER IN THE HEAVENS THAT ONLY ONE MAN SHALL CROSS YOUR THRESHOLD... AND HE SHALL NOT LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT!


SEEVES WAS ONLY ONE OF THE MANY SERVANTS WHO WERE DRIVEN OUT OF KRUGER CASTLE BY FEAR... AND AS DARKNESS CLOSED IN THAT WINDY FRIDAY NIGHT... I, TOO, FELT THE PANIC OF DREAD CRAWL OVER ME!
SUDDENLY A STRANGE VOICE FILLED THE EMPTINESS OF MY STUDY AND FOR A MOMENT I SAT TRANSFIXED... AFRAID OF WHAT I MIGHT SEE...
DID YOU HEAR ME, MR. KRUGER?
YYES! YES! BUT WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
AS THE STRANGER STEPPED OUT OF THE SHADOWS I SAW THAT HIS FACE WAS SLASHED WITH THREE LONG SCARS WHICH HE TRIED TO COVER BY GROWING A BEARD... AND BENEATH THOSE FIERCE, BUSHY BROWS HE HAD ONLY ONE EYE...
I AM HAUNTLY, MR. KRUGER... YOUR NEW SERVANT! THE DOOR WAS AJAR... SO I CAME IN!
IT WAS? THAT'S ODD... I'M SURE I LOCKED IT! I DO NEED A MAN, BUT...
...BUT MY FACE FRIGHTENS YOU... DOESN'T IT? YOU WILL GET USED TO IT, MR. KRUGER! NOW PLEASE DIRECT ME TO MY ROOM AND I SHALL BID YOU GOODNIGHT!
IT'S... IT'S UPSTAIRS! SECOND DOOR TO THE LEFT!
TO THIS DAY I DON'T KNOW WHAT MYSTERIOUS POWER KEPT ME FROM REJECTING HIM! HE SERVED ME WELL IN THE DAYS THAT PASSED... BUT THE SIGHT OF HIS HIDEOUS FACE, WITH THOSE SICKLY, YELLOW WEALS, HORRIFIED ME! AND HIS WEIRD EYES FOLLOWED ME EVERYWHERE!
MY SECRET!... FOR THIRTY YEARS I'VE KEPT IT! FOR...
AH, MR. KRUGER, SO THAT IS THE DOOR TO THE SECRET ROOM I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT IN THE CITY?
HUH? HOW DARE YOU, HAUNTLY? GET OUT OF HERE, YOU BLASTED, SNOOPING FREAK!
YES, MR. KRUGER! HA!... HA.. HA. HA..!
2

AFTER THAT VIOLENT OUTBURST I EXPECTED HAUNTLY TO RESIGN JUST AS ALL THE OTHER SERVANTS HAD... BUT HE DIDN'T! INSTEAD HE SEEMED PLEASED... AND DURING THE NIGHTS A DEVILISH, HYSTERICAL LAUGH CACKLED FROM HIS ROOM HAUNTING KRUGER CASTLE WITH MADDENING ECHOES...
HA! HA! HEE! HEE! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HEE! HEE! HA!
THOSE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS HAUNTED MY DAYS AND PLAGUED MY THOUGHTS WITH QUESTIONS! WHO WAS THIS MAN? WHY WAS HE CONSTANTLY SPYING ON ME? WHAT DID HE WANT? THE ANSWER CAME ONE DAY WHEN...
HAUNTLY! WHERE IS MY MORNING PAPER? YOU KNOW I ALWAYS READ IT WITH MY BREAKFAST!
I STOPPED DELIVERY ON IT! I DECIDED THE WAR NEWS WAS TOO EXCITING FOR YOUR WEAK HEART! HA... HA... HA!
YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO DO THAT, HAUNTLY! AND STOP THAT INFERNAL CACKLING! NOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS BLASTED RADIO?
HAUNTLY! PHONE FOR A RADIO REPAIR MAN TO COME FIX THIS CONFOUNDED RADIO!
I CANT, MR. KRUGER... THE WIRES HAVE BEEN CUT!
WHAT? HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?
...BECAUSE I CUT THEM!
YOU CUT THEM? GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE, YOU UGLY WASTE OF FLESH! YOU'RE FIRED! GET OUT!
NO, MR. KRUGER! I'M GIVING ORDERS NOW! I'VE COMPLETELY ISOLATED YOU FROM THE OUTSIDE... YOU'LL DO AS I SAY FROM NOW ON!
TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THIS HIDEOUS COUNTENANCE DOCTOR VINCENT KRUGER! YOUR WIFE DID THAT IN THE LABORATORY THAT NIGHT! WITHOUT THE SCARS AND BEARD... AND WITH ANOTHER EYE, YOU'D KNOW ME...
OTTO? NO! NOT... NOT MY OLD COLLEAGUE... OTTO VAN SHORN!
3

IT WAS LIKE SEEING A GHOST! OTTO'S ACID VOICE BABBLED ON AND UNFOLDED THE BITTER YEARS PAST WHEN WE WERE STRUGGLING SCIENTISTS... AND THAT DREADFUL DAY WE DISCOVERED... FORMULA-X!
YES, VINCENT, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME... BUT I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST... AND HELPLESS! NOW I WANT THAT FORMULA! IT'S MINE... MINE! YOU'VE GOT IT LOCKED IN THAT SECRET ROOM! GIVE ME THE KEY!
...AND IF I DON'T, OTTO?
WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD HE WHEELED ME OUTSIDE AND HALTED MY CHAIR AT THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE HOUSE...
JUST ONE LITTLE PUSH, VINCENT... AND YOU AND YOUR WHEEL CHAIR WILL START A DESCENT THAT WILL PLUNGE YOU STRAIGHT INTO THE MIDST OF HADES
NO! NO! OTTO! I'LL GIVE YOU THE KEY!
I LIFTED THE TOP OF ONE OF MY WHEEL CHAIR'S ARM RESTS AND HANDED OTTO A LARGE KEY!
VERY CLEVER, VERY CLEVER, VINCENT... BUT NOW IT'S MINE! THE FORMULA IS MINE AGAIN!
...AND ME, OTTO... WHAT'S TO BECOME OF ME? YOU PLAN TO KILL ME, DON'T YOU?
NO, DEATH IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU! YOU WILL BE THE GUINEA PIG FOR MY EXPERIMENT WITH FORMULA-X! HA! HA! HA!
NO! NOT THAT, OTTO! TORTURE ME... KILL ME... BUT DON'T INJECT THE FORMULA INTO ME!
MY PROTESTS ECHOED DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR AND MINGLED WITH OTTO'S HEINOUS LAUGHTER AS HE WHEELED ME TOWARD THE SECRET ROOM...
DON'T DO IT, OTTO! DON'T!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
IN HIS DEVILISH EAGERNESS TO POSSESS THE FORMULA, OTTO LEFT THE KEY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR AND RUSHED IN...
...HA... HA! IT'S MINE... MINE!
QUICKLY I SLAMMED THE HEAVY DOOR SHUT... AND TURNED THE KEY! THEN I WAITED FOR THE HORRIFYING SCREAMS WHICH I KNEW WOULD COME.
NO... NO... NO!
4

THE GURGLING SOUNDS OF DEATH FOLLOWED AND DRIFTED AWAY! HOW LONG I SAT THERE I DON'T KNOW... BUT MY THOUGHTS WENT BACK THIRTY YEARS, TO THAT DAY OTTO AND I DISCOVERED FORMULA X...
VINCENT, THIS IS IT... I'M SURE! WE'VE FOUND THE FORMULA FOR ETERNAL LIFE!
WE MUST INJECT SOME ANIMAL WITH THE SERUM AND STUDY THE REACTIONS!
I WILL GO TO THE VILLAGE FOR SOME MICE AND GUINEA PIGS! TELL MY WIFE WHERE I'VE GONE! SHE'S UPSTAIRS WITH THE CHILDREN, OTTO!
YES... YES! HURRY, VINCENT!
THE VILLAGE WAS MILES AWAY AND IT TOOK ME HOURS TO MAKE THE TRIP...
THIS DISCOVERY WILL MAKE US FAMOUS! IT MUST WORK... IT MUST!
HOWEVER OTTO WAS IMPATIENT! HE COULD NOT WAIT UNTIL MY RETURN! HE USED MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN FOR THE EXPERIMENT... INJECTED THEM WITH THE UNKNOWN FORMULA-X...
NO REACTION YET... GOOD! YOU WILL THANK ME FOR THIS, MRS. KRUGER! VINCENT TOO! YOU AND THE CHILDREN WILL LIVE FOREVER!
WHEN I RETURNED I FOUND THE LABORATORY REEKING WITH A VILE STENCH AND IN A SHAMBLES! MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN WERE UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE FUMES... OTTO WAS GONE...
EMMA! WHAT HAS HAPPENED? YOU AND THE CHILDREN... YA-A-EE!!
THE FORMULA WAS A MISERABLE FAILURE... I DESTROYED IT! INSTEAD OF PRESERVING LIFE IT DISRUPTED THE NATURAL GROWTH AND FUNCTIONS OF BLOOD CELLS AND BODY TISSUE! I RAN AWAY WITH MY WIFE AND CHILDREN, AND WENT INTO SECLUSION HERE IN MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE...
OTTO WANTED THE FORMULA TO REEK ITS EVILS UPON HUMANITY! IT TURNS NORMAL BEINGS INTO INDESCRIBABLE MONSTERS!
THE SECRET ROOM YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT IS IN THERE? ALL RIGHT.. I'LL OPEN THE DOOR...
... YES, MY WIFE AND CHILDREN!
THE END
5

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT

HAIR LOSS

ITCHY SCALP, DANDRUFF, HEAD SCALES, SEBORRHEA, EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia*, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. ***DRY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itchiness. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.

2. ***OILY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES
Caused By Seborrhea
A — Dead hairs; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous glands; D — Atrophic follicles.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and acnes bacillus.

These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better." —Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used."—E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula fi everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea." —J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula."—M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application."—J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house."—R.W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate."—L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair." —T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itchiness."—R.B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much." —Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

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COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 71-C
1432 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee refund of my money upon return of bottle and unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $5.00, Fed. tax incl. (Check, cash, money order.) Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $5.00 plus postal charges.

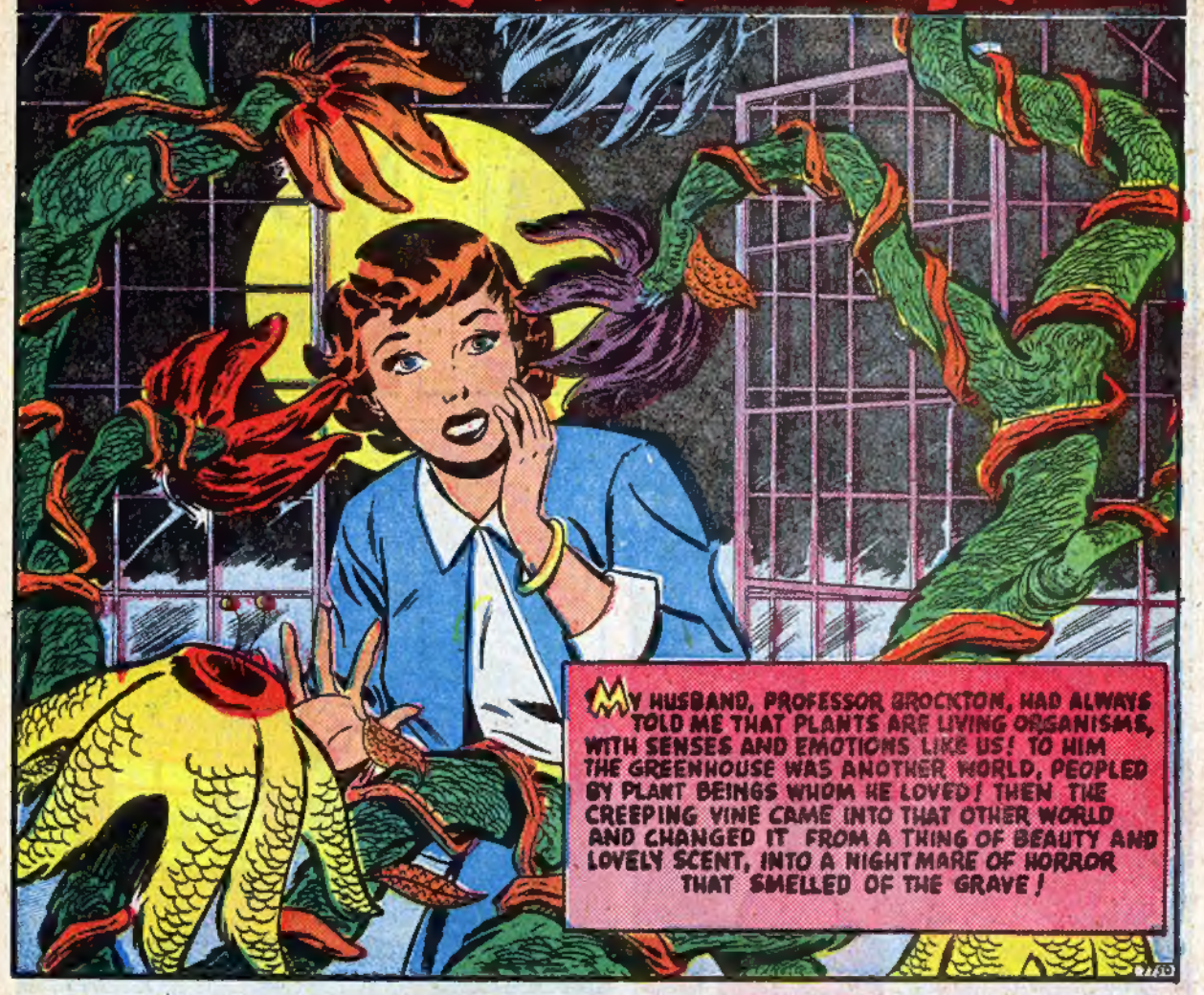
Name_____

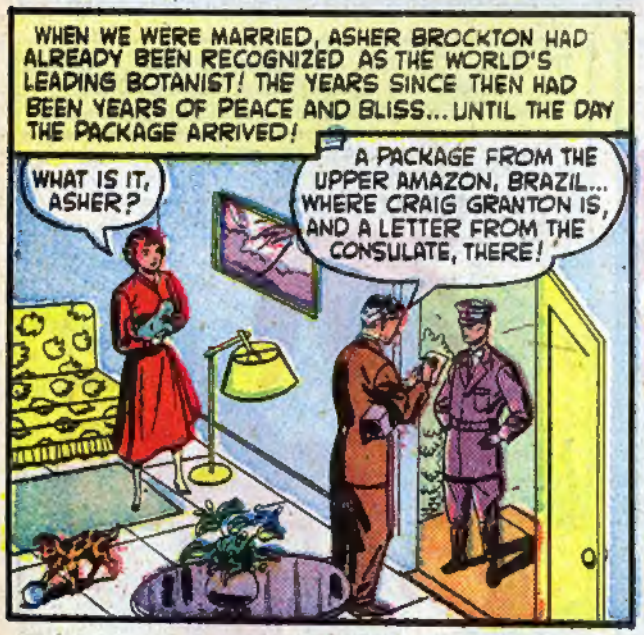
Address_____

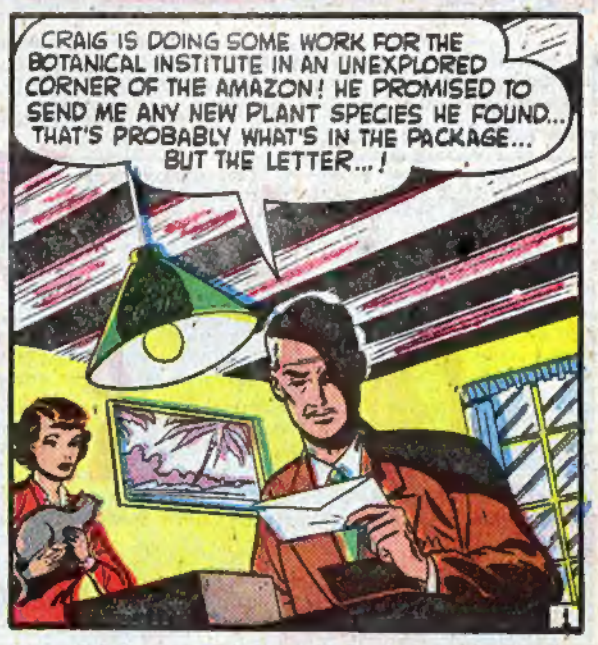
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

APO, PPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

THE CREEPING VINE


MY HUSBAND, PROFESSOR BROCKTON, HAD ALWAYS TOLD ME THAT PLANTS ARE LIVING ORGANISMS, WITH SENSES AND EMOTIONS LIKE US! TO HIM THE GREENHOUSE WAS ANOTHER WORLD, PEOPLED BY PLANT BEINGS WHOM HE LOVED! THEN THE CREEPING VINE CAME INTO THAT OTHER WORLD AND CHANGED IT FROM A THING OF BEAUTY AND LOVELY SCENT, INTO A NIGHTMARE OF HORROR THAT SMELLED OF THE GRAVE!


WHEN WE WERE MARRIED, ASHER BROCKTON HAD ALREADY BEEN RECOGNIZED AS THE WORLD'S LEADING BOTANIST! THE YEARS SINCE THEN HAD BEEN YEARS OF PEACE AND BLISS... UNTIL THE DAY THE PACKAGE ARRIVED!
WHAT IS IT, ASHER?
A PACKAGE FROM THE UPPER AMAZON, BRAZIL... WHERE CRAIG GRANTON IS, AND A LETTER FROM THE CONSULATE, THERE!


CRAIG IS DOING SOME WORK FOR THE BOTANICAL INSTITUTE IN AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF THE AMAZON! HE PROMISED TO SEND ME ANY NEW PLANT SPECIES HE FOUND... THAT'S PROBABLY WHAT'S IN THE PACKAGE... BUT THE LETTER...!

HE READ THE LETTER, BUT ALL THE TIME I COULD SEE HE WAS TERRIBLY IMPATIENT TO OPEN THE PACKAGE...TO FEAST HIS EYES ON THE NEW SPECIES OF PLANT IT CONTAINED!

---AND THE NATIVES FLED FROM THIS PLACE! WE FOUND CRAIG GRANTON'S CAMP, BUT HE HAD COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED! THE PACKAGE WE FOUND IS ADDRESSED TO YOU, SO WE SENT IT ALONG!

POOR CRAIG! I WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM!

ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE INEXPLICABLE JUNGLE DISAPPEARANCES! IT'S A SHAME! HE WAS SUCH A FINE MAN AND A GOOD BOTANIST! LET'S SEE WHAT HE SENT US!

IT WAS A VINE WITH ODDLY, PINKED FOLIAGE AND A PECULIAR FLOWER HEAD! IT EXUDED A DREADFUL ODOR!

IT IS NEW...A SPECIES OF FLESH-EATING PLANT DIFFERENT FROM ANY KNOWN BEFORE!

IT'S HORRIBLE! THROW THE AWFUL THING AWAY, ASHER!

WHY YOU MUST BE JOKING, IRIS! THE BOTANICAL WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS VINE BEFORE! I MUST PLANT IT IN THE GREENHOUSE, FEED IT...STUDY IT AND PREPARE A PAPER ABOUT IT!

I'M NOT JOKING! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT...! PLEASE, ASHER, I FEEL SOMETHING EVIL EMANATING FROM THAT...THAT VINE! GET RID OF IT... FOR MY SAKE!

DARLING! I CAN'T DO IT! WE KNOW LITTLE ABOUT THE EATING PLANTS, AND HERE IS A NEW SPECIES THAT I CAN STUDY AT CLOSE HAND! THIS TYPE OF PLANT IS HIGHLY SPECIALIZED... IT EATS BUGS, FLIES, AND EVEN SMALL RODENTS IF IT ATTAINS ANY SIZE! WHO KNOWS BUT WHAT THIS NEW TYPE MAY ADD TO OUR KNOWLEDGE IMMEASURABLY!

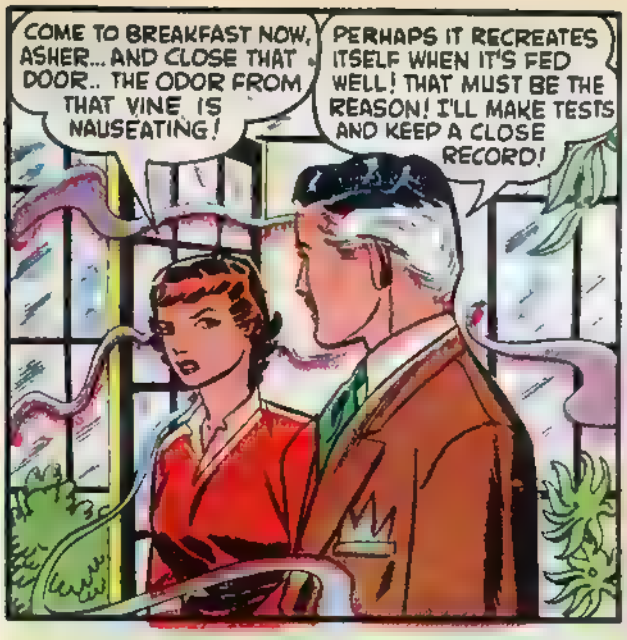
I WATCHED HIM AS HE CAREFULLY CARRIED THE DISGUSTING THING TO THE GREENHOUSE! I COULD SEE THAT IT WAS NO USE ARGUING ANY FURTHER,... HE WAS FASCINATED BY THE NEW VINE!

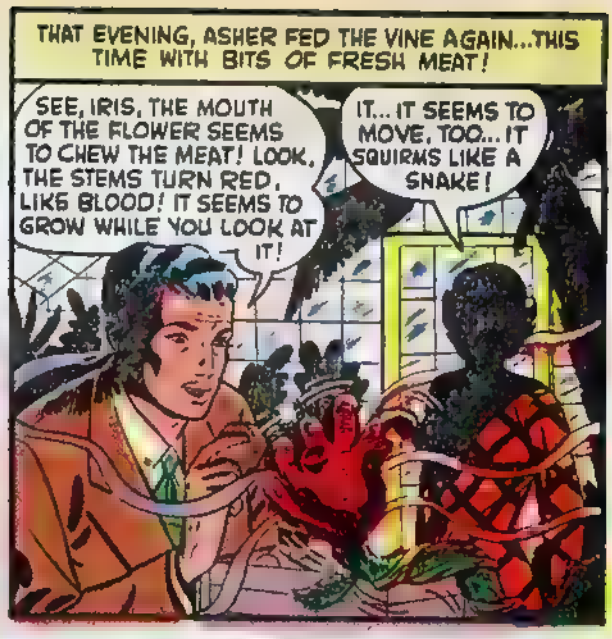
I'LL CATCH SOME FLIES AND SPIDERS AND FEED IT! IT EVIDENTLY HASN'T HAD ANY NOURISHMENT SINCE IT LEFT THE AMAZON!

I'D PREFER TO FEED SPOT AND KITTY...WHICH I'LL DO RIGHT NOW!

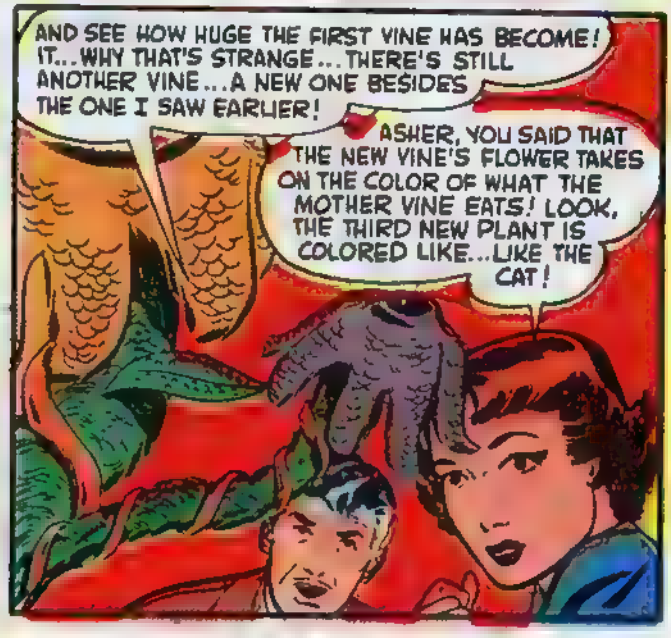
THE NEXT MORNING, MY HUSBAND WAS UP EARLY, AND I HEARD HIM EXCITEDLY CALLING TO ME FROM THE GREENHOUSE! I DRESSED AND...

LOOK, IRIS...THIS IS EXTRAORDINARY! THE VINE HAS BECOME TWO VINES! I MUST FIND THE EXPLANATION FOR THIS... IT'S REVOLUTIONARY!

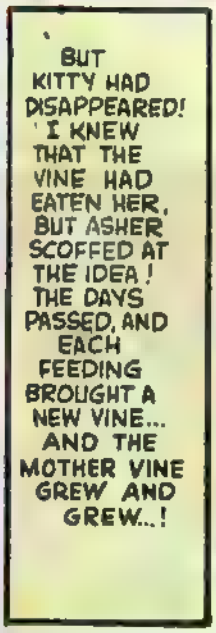

COME TO BREAKFAST NOW, ASHER... AND CLOSE THAT DOOR.. THE ODOR FROM THAT VINE IS NAUSEATING!
PERHAPS IT RECREATES ITSELF WHEN IT'S FED WELL! THAT MUST BE THE REASON! I'LL MAKE TESTS AND KEEP A CLOSE RECORD!


THAT EVENING, ASHER FED THE VINE AGAIN...THIS TIME WITH BITS OF FRESH MEAT!
SEE, IRIS, THE MOUTH OF THE FLOWER SEEMS TO CHEW THE MEAT! LOOK, THE STEMS TURN RED, LIKE BLOOD! IT SEEMS TO GROW WHILE YOU LOOK AT IT!
IT... IT SEEMS TO MOVE, TOO... IT SQUIRMS LIKE A SNAKE!

THE NEXT MORNING ASHER WOKE ME AND INSISTED THAT I GO WITH HIM TO THE GREEN-HOUSE!
ANOTHER VINE, IRIS...THREE OF THEM NOW! EACH TIME THE NEW VINE'S FLOWER IS RED! THE SAME COLOR AS THE MEAT I FED IT LAST NIGHT!


AND SEE HOW HUGE THE FIRST VINE HAS BECOME! IT...WHY THAT'S STRANGE... THERE'S STILL ANOTHER VINE...A NEW ONE BESIDES THE ONE I SAW EARLIER!
ASHER, YOU SAID THAT THE NEW VINE'S FLOWER TAKES ON THE COLOR OF WHAT THE MOTHER VINE EATS! LOOK, THE THIRD NEW PLANT IS COLORED LIKE...LIKE THE CAT!

THE DOOR WAS SLIGHTLY AJAR WHEN I...OH, BUT THAT'S NONSENSE, DEAR! I'LL WAGER YOU'LL FIND KITTY IN THE KITCHEN WAITING FOR HER MILK AS USUAL!


BUT KITTY HAD DISAPPEARED! I KNEW THAT THE VINE HAD EATEN HER, BUT ASHER SCOFFED AT THE IDEA! THE DAYS PASSED, AND EACH FEEDING BROUGHT A NEW VINE... AND THE MOTHER VINE GREW AND GREW...!

ASHER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ALL THOSE BEAUTIFUL PLANTS. THE ORCHIDS, THE IRIS...!
THERE'S NO MORE ROOM FOR THEM! THE VINE IS COVERING EVERYTHING! I'M CONVINCED NOW THAT THE FLOWER OF EACH NEW PLANT TAKES ON THE COLOR OF THE FOOD THE MOTHER PLANT ATE BEFORE SHE PRODUCED IT!

I LOOKED INTO THE GREENHOUSE IN MORBID FASCINATION! THE MOTHER PLANT WAS HUGE NOW, WITH A FLOWER HEAD AS BIG AS A BARREL!
ASHER, PLEASE GET RID OF THIS THING... IT'S A HORROR, AND IT'S MADE THE WHOLE PLACE SMELL LIKE A CHARNEL HOUSE!
JUST A FEW MORE NOTES TO MAKE, A FEW MORE DAYS AND I'LL TEAR IT OUT! THE FACT IS, I CAN'T KEEP IT FED ANY LONGER... IT REQUIRES TOO MUCH FOOD!
ASHER, THAT PLANT.. LOOK AT THE COLOR OF THE BLOOM...SPOTTED, LIKE THE DOG!
NO... IT CAN'T BE!
I RAN FROM THE GREEN HOUSE, HALF INSANE WITH AN UNNAMEABLE FEAR...CALLING TO THE DOG, CALLING, CALLING...
SPOT! HERE, SPOT! SPOT... PLEASE...SPOT! COME HERE!
HE'S NOT HERE...HE'S DISAPPEARED, LIKE KITTY! THAT TERRIBLE VINE!
YOU WERE RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING, I SHOULD HAVE THROWN THAT MONSTROUS VINE AWAY! I'LL GET RID OF IT NOW! I'LL TEAR IT UP AND BURN IT IMMEDIATELY... GET RID OF IT FOR GOOD AND ALL!
I'LL DESTROY IT COMPLETELY, IRIS! YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT AGAIN! IT WON'T TAKE LONG, DEAR!
BE CAREFUL, ASHER... BE CAREFUL...
I WAITED! TIME PASSED...TOO MUCH TIME! I CALLED TO ASHER, BUT GOT NO RESPONSE! THEN I WALKED TO THE DOOR, TURNED THE KNOB AND OPENED IT A CRACK SO MY HUSBAND COULD HEAR ME!
ASHER... ASHER, WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME?
I OPENED THE DOOR WIDE AND STEPPED INTO THE GREENHOUSE! MY HUSBAND WAS GONE...HE HAD DISAPPEARED! THEN, IN THE CORNER I SAW A NEW VINE... AND IT BORE A FLESH COLORED FLOWER...
THE END
4

NO ESCAPE
RUSS HEATH
AND CHAPMAN
DEATH WAITED FOR ME AT THE END OF THE LINE... AND MY TERRIFIED BRAIN KNEW... THERE WAS NO ESCAPE!

I WISH THAT I HAD NEVER SEEN THIS BLASTED TOWN OF YOURS! IF I HAD JUST STAYED ABOARD THAT TRAIN A COUPLE OF HOURS LONGER, THIS HORRIBLE THING WOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED TO ME! BUT I GOT OFF HERE... IN YOUR TOWN, JUST ABOUT A YEAR AGO TODAY..

WELL, THIS AIN'T EXACTLY THE BEST LOOKIN' TOWN I'VE BEEN IN... BUT ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE!

WELCOME BACK, MR. ROYALE!

I FIGURED THAT THE STATION MASTER MUST HAVE HAD ONE SNORTER TOO MANY BEHIND THE CAR BARN, BECAUSE MY NAME IS ***DUNN***... ***HARRY DUNN!*** I CHECKED MY BAG, THEN HEADED FOR THE MAIN BOULEVARD...

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO LAND A JOB SOMEWHERE AND...

HELLO, MR. ROYALE! DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU OUT! PLEASE ACCEPT MY SYMPATHIES!

A COUPLE MORE PEOPLE STOPPED ME AFTER THAT AND GAVE ME THAT "MR. ROYALE" AND "SYMPATHIES" BUSINESS! THEN I BOUGHT A NEWSPAPER, AND ON THE FRONT PAGE...

DAILY

Titus B. Royale, the cigarette multi-millionaire, died of a heart ailment last evening at his home. He was 82. Mr. Royale's attorney, Thomas Randolph, would not make a statement as to who will inherit the bulk of the Royale Fortune. Titus Royale is survived by a son, David, and a nephew, Jeffery Belfonte.

YE GADS! SO THAT'S WHO ROYALE IS... THE LOCAL MONEYBAGS! BUT WHY DO THE PEOPLE CALL ME MR. ROYALE? I CERTAINLY DON'T LOOK LIKE THE OLD GENT! BUT... HMMMM, WONDER WHAT THE ***SON*** LOOKS LIKE?

ONE WAY TO FIND OUT WAS TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL! A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER I WATCHED THE LONG PROCESSION AS IT CRAWLED DOWN THE MAIN STREET!

WHEN HE RAISED HIS HEAD AT THE END OF THE PRAYERS, I SAW HIS FACE PLAINLY... IT WAS JUST LIKE LOOKING AT MYSELF IN A MIRROR...

IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE! I COULDN'T GET OVER IT! IT HAUNTED ME... WHIRLED IN MY BRAIN... CONFUSED ME... MADE ME HATE DAVID ROYALE...
WE LOOK ALIKE, SURE... BUT HE'S GOT MONEY! I'M JUST A WAITER... A POOR-MAN'S BUTLER!...IF WE SHARE OUR FACE...OUR APPEARANCE... WHY SHOULDN'T WE SHARE THE MONEY TOO?
IT WAS DURING ONE OF THOSE CONFOUNDED SLEEPLESS NIGHTS THAT I GOT UP AND STOPPED AT THE SILVER RAIL BAR FOR A DRINK...
BOURBON AND SODA... DOUBLE!
WELL, WELL, 'PON MY SOUL (HIC!), IF IT ISN'T MR. ROYALE!
TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT ME, BUDDY... DO YOU KNOW ME? AM I DAVID ROYALE?
I SAY, MR. (HIC!) ROYALE, SIR,...YOU MUST'VE HAD TOO MANY DRINKS! I'VE BEEN YOUR BUTLER FOR TEN (HIC!) YEARS AND I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU ACT LIKE THIS!
THAT DID IT! I HAD MY DRINK AND WENT OUT! THE PLAN THAT HAUNTED MY BRAIN ALL THOSE NIGHTS BEGAN TO UNFOLD! I WAITED OUTSIDE UNTIL THE BUTLER CAME OUT...STAGGERING...
IF DAVID ROYALE'S OWN BUTLER CAN'T TELL US APART...NOBODY CAN! THERE'S THE BUTLER NOW... THIS SHOULD BE EASY WITH HIM IN THAT CONDITION!
BAR & GRILL
IT'S FRIGHTFULLY (HIC!) DECENT OF YOU, MR. ROYALE, SIR, TO HELP ME HOME LIKE (HIC!) THIS!—
THINK NOTHING OF IT...
THERE WASN'T A SOUL OUT ON THE STREET ...NOTHING BUT THE FAST-MOVING TRAFFIC ALONG THE BOULEVARD! THEN WHEN A SPEEDING CAR CAME TEARING UP... I GAVE THE BUTLER A SHOVE, AND...
THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON'S PAPERS GAVE AN ACCOUNT OF THE ACCIDENT...
"IT IS BELIEVED THE BUTLER EITHER FELL OR WANDERED INTO THE PATH OF THE CAR! THE DRIVER STATED HE DIDN'T SEE THE VICTIM... IT WAS ALSO LEARNED THAT THE DECEASED MAN, PREVIOUS TO THE ACCIDENT, WAS DRINKING HEAVILY AT THE SILVER RAIL BAR...
3

IT TOOK ME A WEEK TO GROW A DECENT MOUSTACHE, TO FORGE SOME BUTLER AND CHARACTER REFERENCES... THEN A HEAVY PAIR OF SHELL GLASSES, A NEW HAIR COMB AND I WAS ALL SET...

YES, MR. ROYALE, SIR! POOR HENRY WAS MY BROTHER! AN' WHEN I READ OF HIS ACCIDENT I SAID TO MYSELF... HENRY WOULD WANT ME TO TAKE HIS PLACE SERVIN' A FINE GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU, MR. ROYALE...

ALL RIGHT, ALBERT, THE JOB IS YOURS! HENRY NEVER MENTIONED HE HAD A BROTHER, BUT IF YOU WANT HIS PLACE, IT'S YOURS!

AS THE MONTHS PASSED I WATCHED EVERY MOTION, EVERY MANNERISM DAVID ROYALE HAD...

HE ALWAYS PLAYS WITH THE LOBE OF HIS EAR WHEN HE'S THINKING... I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT!

HIS TWO MOST FREQUENT VISITORS WERE HIS LAWYER, THOMAS RANDOLPH AND JEFFERY BELFONTE, HIS COUSIN! THEY ALWAYS ARGUED ABOUT MONEY AND THE INHERITANCE...

BUT, DAVE, HE'S YOUR COUSIN, HE DESERVES MORE!

HE GOT WHAT THE WILL LEFT HIM... THAT'S THE WAY DAD WANTED IT!

AND FOR A MORE PLEASANT DIVERSION THERE WAS DAVID'S FIANCÉE, MISS KNIGHT! I WATCHED THEM OFTEN AS THEY EMBRACED!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! I'LL HAVE HER... HIS MONEY... EVERYTHING!

AS THE HEAD BUTLER I WAS IN CHARGE OF ALL THE SERVANTS IN THE ROYALE HOUSE! THE SUNDAY I WAS READY, I GAVE THEM ALL THE NIGHT OFF... THEN DAVID ROYALE AND I WERE ALONE...

AND ALBERT, BRING THE CONVERTIBLE UP... ALBERT, WHAT--

OHHHHHHH!

I BEAT HIS FACE UNTIL IT WAS BEYOND RECOGNITION... THEN DRESSED HIM IN ONE OF MY OLD SUITS AND PLANTED MY WALLET IN THE POCKET! I DROVE DOWN TO THE CANAL AND DUMPED HIS BODY! A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER! WHEN THEY DRAGGED HIM OUT...

JUST ANOTHER BUM BEAT UP BY HIS PALS! NAME, HARRY DUNN! CALL THE MORGUE FOR THE MEAT WAGON!

YES, HARRY DUNN WAS DEAD! I LIVED LIKE A KING... LIKE DAVID ROYALE! AND WHEN THE QUESTION OF ALBERT, THE BUTLER CAME UP...

ALBERT? OH, YES, HE DID TELL ME HE WAS QUITTING! WENT HOME TO HIS MOTHER'S FARM! CALL THE AGENCY FOR ANOTHER BUTLER, MARTHA!

YES, MR. ROYALE!

I WORE DAVID'S CLOTHES, ATE HIS FOOD, DRANK HIS LIQUOR... AND ENJOYED THE ADMIRATION OF MOST OF THE WOMEN IN TOWN...

THEN CAME THAT BLACK DAY... LIKE A NIGHTMARE THOSE MEN IN WHITE COATS SWARMED INTO THE HOUSE! THEY FORCED A HYPO INTO ME AND WHEN I WOKE, I WAS IN...

THE FAIRVIEW SANITARIUM? AN INSANE ASYLUM?

WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS OUTRAGE? CALL MY LAWYER! I'M NOT INSANE YOU BLASTED IDIOT! CALL THOMAS RANDOLPH, MY ATTORNEY... I'M DAVID ROYALE!

IT WAS ONLY A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER BUT IT SEEMED LIKE YEARS BEFORE RANDOLPH CAME! MY COUSIN JEFFERY WAS WITH HIM...

TOM! TELL THESE CONFOUNDED FOOLS WHO I AM! THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME... I'M DAVID ROYALE!!

CALM DOWN, DAVID... TAKE IT EASY!

TAKE IT EASY? I GET DRAGGED OUT OF MY HOUSE... LOCKED UP AS A LUNATIC... AND YOU TELL ME TO TAKE IT EASY! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, TOM? IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BOTHER YOU AT ALL!

IT DOESN'T! WHY SHOULD IT? THIS ISN'T THE *FIRST* TIME YOU'VE BEEN HERE, DAVID!

LAST YEAR YOUR FATHER HAD YOU RELEASED AGAINST MY ADVICE! NOW, AS ADMINISTRATOR OF THE ROYALE ESTATE I HAD YOU PUT BACK IN HERE!

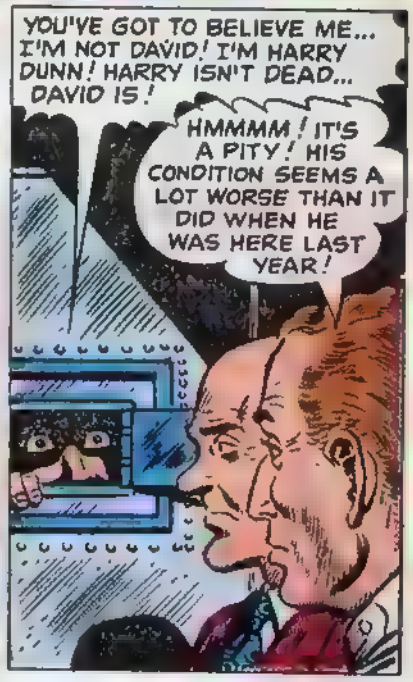
YES, DEAR COUSIN DAVID, WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY... I WILL INHERIT THE ROYALE MILLIONS... JUST AS IT STATES IN YOUR FATHER'S WILL!

THE MONEY IS STILL MINE.. WHETHER I'M CRAZY OR NOT! YOU'LL NEVER GET IT! NEVER! UNLESS...
YES, DAVID...UNLESS WE KILL YOU! AND SINCE THAT'S THE ONLY WAY...THAT'S WHAT WE INTEND TO DO!

WE TOLD THE DOCTOR THAT YOU HAVE ILLUSIONS ABOUT SOMEBODY TRYING TO POISON YOU, AND THAT YOU WON'T EAT UNLESS YOUR DEAR COUSIN JEFFERY FEEDS YOU!
...AND EVERY SPOONFUL OF FOOD I OFFER YOU WILL CONTAIN A DEADLY POISON, WHICH CANNOT BE TRACED INSIDE THE STOMACH!

THEY HAD ME TRAPPED! THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY OUT...TO TELL THEM THE TRUTH! TO TELL THEM THAT I WASN'T DAVID ROYALE...AFTER ALL THEY ONLY WANTED THE MONEY...
ALL RIGHT, TOM, YOU CAN HAVE THE MONEY...YOU AND JEFFERY! JUST GET ME OUT OF HERE! I'M NOT DAVID ROYALE...I'M HARRY... HARRY DUNN! TITUS ROYALE WASN'T MY FATHER! DAVID IS DEAD!

GOOD HEAVENS, JEFFERY! HE REALLY IS INSANE!
THAT'LL MAKE IT ALL THE EASIER TO FEED HIM THE POISON! ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR, LET US OUT!


YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME... I'M NOT DAVID! I'M HARRY DUNN! HARRY ISN'T DEAD... DAVID IS!
HMMMM! IT'S A PITY! HIS CONDITION SEEMS A LOT WORSE THAN IT DID WHEN HE WAS HERE LAST YEAR!

THEY STILL DON'T BELIEVE ME! NOBODY BELIEVES ME! DAY AFTER DAY JEFFERY COMES IN WITH THE FOOD... POISONED FOOD!
6

IT WILL KILL ME IF I EAT IT... AND IF I DON'T... I'LL SLOWLY STARVE TO DEATH! THERE IS NO WAY OUT...NO ESCAPE! DO YOU HEAR ME?
NO ESCAPE!
THE END

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OUT OF THE PAST

MARK WINTERS tightened his grasp about the wheel of the car, and brought his head as close to the windshield as he could, but his actions were of little use. Try as he might, he was unable to see more than fifty feet ahead of him. The rain slashed across the glass in a steady downpour and the feeble efforts of his wipers were ineffective.

From the instructions he had received an hour ago, he surmised that the town should be a few miles ahead. If his luck would only hold out for another fifteen minutes, he thought, he'd be all right.

Then it happened. A few gasping coughs from his motor, a spluttering sound, and the car rolled to a dead halt. He cut off the ignition and shoved his hands into his coat pockets. What was he to do now, he thought. Here he was, a native of Boston, alone on a country road in Virginia, in the middle of the night; and, as added injury, he had to be caught in a blinding rainstorm with a stalled car.

As though in answer to his thoughts, a flash of lightning tore the sky and for one long moment the surrounding countryside was revealed to him. He had a terrifying glimpse of dark thunder clouds—and then he saw a house . . . A large, sprawling mansion with a white colonnade front. It was set back behind a grove of trees, and what made his heart leap with new hope was that it was only a short distance away! Once again, all the view was blotted out as the rain pounded heavily against the roof of the car, and his ears were deafened by a splintering crash of heavy thunder.

He grabbed the lap robe that lay beside him, and a few moments later was stumbling down the rain-drenched road that led to the house. Twice he fell to one knee, when his foot slipped in the soggy earth, and each time he came up covered with thick red mud. The darkness was so complete that he could only guess at the direction from the previous flash of lightning. For several minutes he continued in this groping manner, and when he had almost given up hope, lightning ripped a jagged flash across the sky, and he saw the house again. It stood some twenty yards to his left. In the blue-white glare of the blinding flash, the white columns towered above him in an imposing and grand manner. In a mad dash he stumbled forward and as the last echoes of thunder rumbled overhead he was running across the broad veranda, and a few seconds later he was pounding against the heavy door.

For a long while there was no sound from within. After several minutes of waiting he was at the point of knocking again, when the door opened.

A young woman stood in the doorway. In one hand she held a large, brass candelabra. The flickering pin-points of light cast a moving pattern of shadows across her face, and it was difficult for him to distinguish her features.

"I'm terribly sorry for barging in on you this way," he stammered. "My car stalled a few minutes ago. I saw your house and thought I might wait out the storm. That is, if you don't mind," he added.

"We'd be pleased to have you," she answered. Her voice was soft and pleasantly southern in its inflection. "Won't you be good enough to step inside?"

He followed her into a spacious hallway, the light from the candles throwing long shadows across the marble floors.

"Terrible storm, isn't it?" he queried. "I imagine it's torn a lot of power lines down between here and Richmond."

She turned to face him, holding the candelabra somewhat aloft.

"I don't know exactly," she said.

"Well, I see you're burning candles," he said. "I imagine that first flash of lightning cut the electricity in this section."

She turned her head away and looked toward the window. Then, slowly, she faced him again. "I can't rightly say," she said, "but won't you come in and sit awhile by the fire?"

She led the way and he followed her across the hall and into a large room where a fireplace, heaped high with burning logs, crackled noisily. She motioned him to a chair beside the fire and after he had seated himself, she placed the candelabra upon the mantle.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

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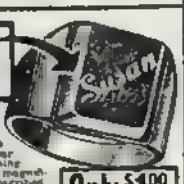

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...CONTINUED

"If you'll excuse me," she said, "I'll go out and prepare something hot. I'll only be a minute."

"You needn't bother," Mark said. "It sounds as if it's letting up. I'll be able to leave in a few minutes."

"It's no bother," she replied. "I'd feel badly if I let you go without something."

With this remark she picked up the candelabra, and smiling pleasantly at him, she left the room.

For some moments after she had gone, Mark Winters sat staring into the roaring blaze. With the storm letting up, he thought, his motor may dry out and it may still be his good fortune to get to town. As he reached into his jacket for a cigarette he heard footsteps behind him.

Turning about, he was surprised to see a tall man staring at him from the center of the room. What further surprised him was the man's clothes. He wore some kind of riding habit and there, tucked into his belt, was a large, cumbersome revolver.

Hesitantly, Mark rose to his feet. There was something in the man's expression that frightened him.

"I suppose your wife told you I was here," said Mark. "The storm came so suddenly, and with my car—"

"Where are you from?" the man interrupted.

"Well, I'm from Boston myself," said Mark. "I've been riding down from Richmond this evening when I ran into this storm. I only—"

"BOSTON!" the man repeated, harshly.

In a flash the snub-nosed revolver was in his hand, the barrel pointing squarely at Mark's chest.

"Just a minute," stammered Mark. "You've got this all wrong. I'll leave now, if that's what you want."

"You'll leave all right," the man snarled, "but you'll leave feet first!"

The attention of both men was suddenly distracted by the appearance of the woman. With one glance she took in the scene and rushed forward.

"No, Peter!" she cried. "This isn't the way. We'll call the authorities."

He made a move to put her off, but she flung herself upon him. With horror-filled eyes, Mark watched the struggle. Then, suddenly, the stillness of the room was shattered by the explosion and the limp figure of the woman slid to the floor.

Mark didn't waste any time. As the man kneeled beside the lifeless form, Mark rushed by him and a moment later he was running down the road toward his car.

A minute later he was gratified by the response of the starter beneath the pressure of his foot. As he shot down the road his one thought was to find help. As the car rounded the bend he spied a cottage and slamming on the brakes he brought the car to a screeching halt. Leaping from the car he dashed up the path. At the open door of the cottage stood an elderly man.

"Hurry," shouted Mark, hoarsely. "A woman has just been killed!"

"A woman KILLED? Where?" asked the old man.

"In that large mansion up the road."

Mark turned and pointed his finger in its direction.

"You must be mistaken," said the old man.

"But I'm not," shouted Mark. "I saw it with my own eyes."

"Then take another look," said the old man.

Mark followed the old man's questioning gaze, and what he saw made him turn cold with horror.

The storm had broken and a full moon rode high across the cloud swept sky. In the blanched moonlight stood the house—but WAS it the house? thought Mark. The entire veranda was a shamble of broken columns, and what remained standing seemed on the verge of collapse. Dangling shutters swung noiselessly from gaping windows, and all about was a picture of ruin and decay.

"It can't be," Mark whispered.

"What you're looking at," said the old man, "is what's left of the Peter's mansion. It's been like this for years. Some folks say it's haunted by the ghosts of its original owners. He accidently shot his wife one night during the civil war. It seems she was trying to protect the life of some northern soldier. They say he came from Boston."

Mark listened quietly as the old man spoke. He heard the words, all right, but they just DIDN'T make sense . . . or did they?

THE END

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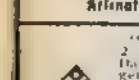

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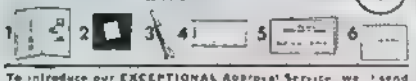

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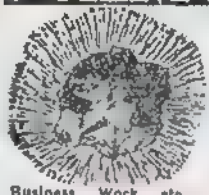

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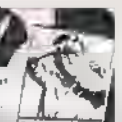

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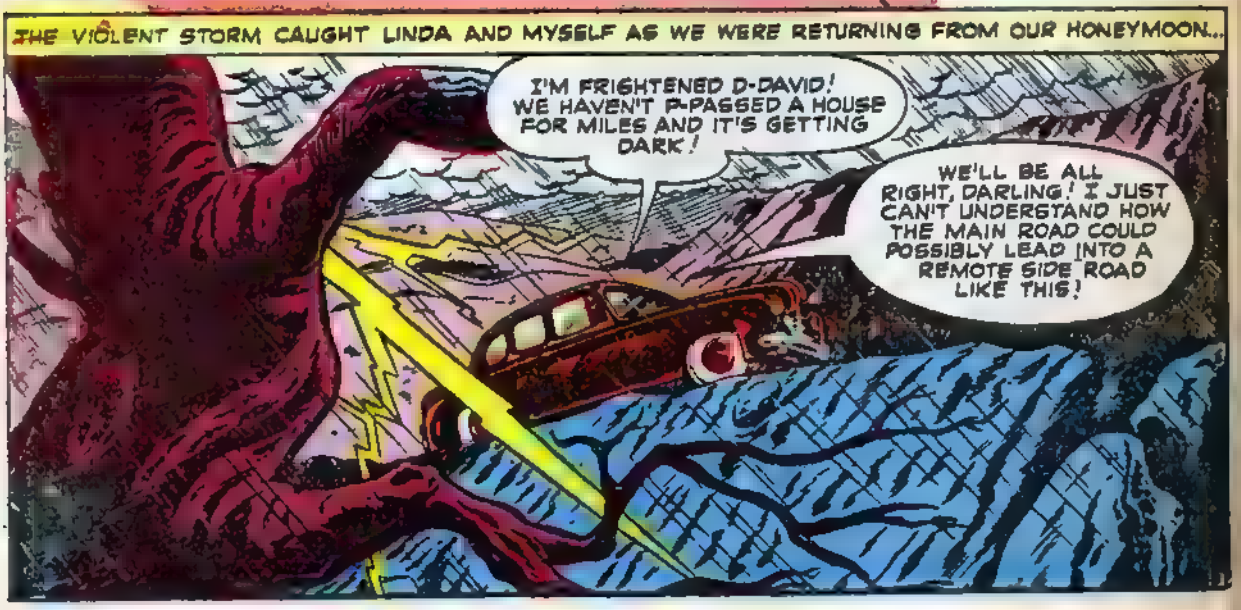
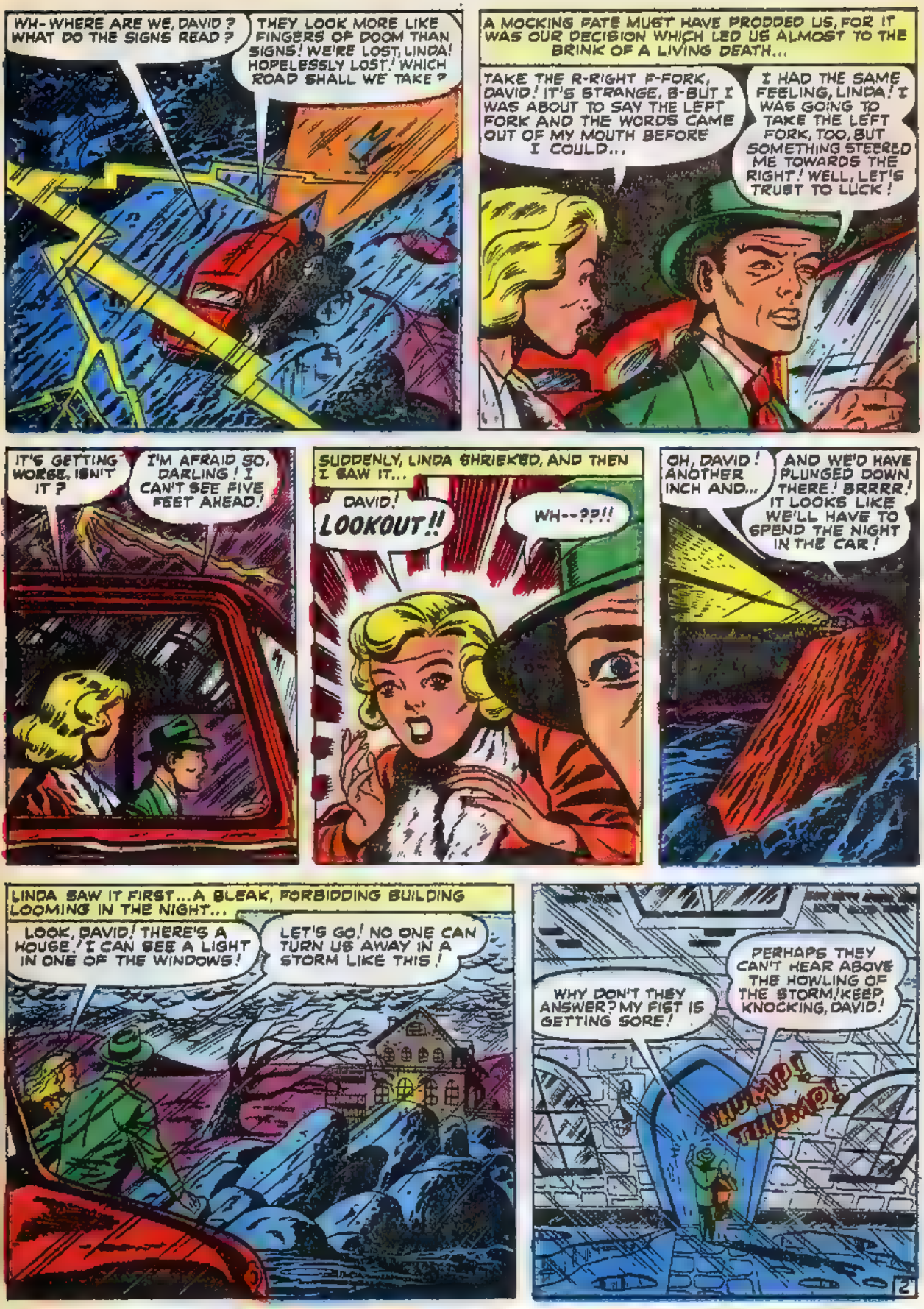
THE STORM

A SPINE-CHILLING ADVENTURE INTO TERROR!

WE STUMBLED ONTO TWILIGHT HOUSE DURING A VIOLENT THUNDERSTORM... AND WE LEFT THE DESOLATE CHAMBER OF HORRORS IN A STORM! NO ONE CAN EVER KNOW TO WHAT DEPTHS OF STARK TERROR WE PLUMMETED DURING THE FLEETING ETERNITY OF OUR GHASTLY STAY IN TWILIGHT HOUSE! I MYSELF HAVE LOST TRACK OF ALL TIME AND LOGIC! ALTHOUGH I AM YET IN MY LATE TWENTIES, MY HAND IS PALSIED WITH AGE AND MY MIND IS COBWEBBED BY A VEIL OF FEARFUL MEMORIES OF AN EXPERIENCE INTO THE WILDEST REALMS OF A SHRIEKING HALF-WORLD OF HORROR AND INSANITY! BUT WAIT... LET ME START AT THE BEGINNING...


THE VIOLENT STORM CAUGHT LINDA AND MYSELF AS WE WERE RETURNING FROM OUR HONEYMOON...
I'M FRIGHTENED D-DAVID! WE HAVEN'T P-PASSED A HOUSE FOR MILES AND IT'S GETTING DARK!
WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, DARLING! I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE MAIN ROAD COULD POSSIBLY LEAD INTO A REMOTE SIDE ROAD LIKE THIS!


WH-WHERE ARE WE, DAVID? WHAT DO THE SIGNS READ?
THEY LOOK MORE LIKE FINGERS OF DOOM THAN SIGNS! WE'RE LOST, LINDA! HOPELESSLY LOST! WHICH ROAD SHALL WE TAKE?
A MOCKING FATE MUST HAVE PRODDED US, FOR IT WAS OUR DECISION WHICH LED US ALMOST TO THE BRINK OF A LIVING DEATH...
TAKE THE R-RIGHT F-FORK, DAVID! IT'S STRANGE, B-BUT I WAS ABOUT TO SAY THE LEFT FORK AND THE WORDS CAME OUT OF MY MOUTH BEFORE I COULD...
I HAD THE SAME FEELING, LINDA! I WAS GOING TO TAKE THE LEFT FORK, TOO, BUT SOMETHING STEERED ME TOWARDS THE RIGHT! WELL, LET'S TRUST TO LUCK!
IT'S GETTING WORSE, ISN'T IT?
I'M AFRAID SO, DARLING! I CAN'T SEE FIVE FEET AHEAD!
SUDDENLY, LINDA SHRIEKED, AND THEN I SAW IT...
DAVID! LOOKOUT!!
WH--??!!
OH, DAVID! ANOTHER INCH AND...
AND WE'D HAVE PLUNGED DOWN THERE! BRRRR! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE CAR!
LINDA SAW IT FIRST...A BLEAK, FORBIDDING BUILDING LOOMING IN THE NIGHT...
LOOK, DAVID! THERE'S A HOUSE! I CAN SEE A LIGHT IN ONE OF THE WINDOWS!
LET'S GO! NO ONE CAN TURN US AWAY IN A STORM LIKE THIS!
WHY DON'T THEY ANSWER? MY FIST IS GETTING SORE!
PERHAPS THEY CAN'T HEAR ABOVE THE HOWLING OF THE STORM! KEEP KNOCKING, DAVID!
THUMP! THUMP!
2

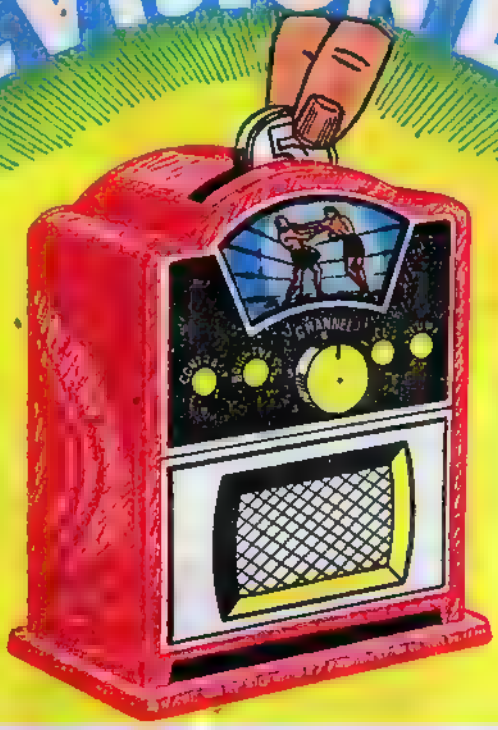
I'M S-SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT WE'RE LOST IN THIS STORM! OUR CAR IS PARKED DOWN THE ROAD AND WE CAN'T FIND OUR WAY! WOULD YOU MIND...?
MIND? NOT AT ALL, YOUNG MAN! COME IN! BY ALL MEANS, COME IN! YOU'RE COMPLETELY WELCOME!
WHAT A QUAINT OLD PLACE! DO YOU STAY HERE ALONE?
ALONE? OH, ER...YES...YES! ALONE! HEH, HEH! YOU'RE THE FIRST PEOPLE WE'VE SEEN IN...
PETER!... PLEASE!
THIS IS THE KITCHEN! MRS. HARRIMAN AND I SPEND MOST OF OUR TIME HERE! THE REST OF THE HOUSE IS R-RATHER...ER, CHILLY! BUT IT'S COSY HERE!
WE'RE VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU BOTH! I'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED A STORM LIKE THIS BEFORE! BY THE WAY, WHAT PLACE IS THIS?
I SENSED A FLITTING EXPRESSION OF FEAR VEIL HIS EYES... AND THEN IT WAS GONE...
PLACE? WHY, I DON'T R-REALLY KNOW... ER, THAT IS IT'S DIFFICULT TO LOCATE ON A MAP! THE HOUSE IS CALLED TWILIGHT HOUSE, FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER!
IT MUST BE RATHER LONESOME HERE! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN LIVING HERE?
I D-DON'T REALLY KNOW! A LONG TIME, I SUPPOSE! I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW OVERJOYED WE ARE TO HAVE YOU HERE!
IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE COMPANY HERE! YOU'LL FIND BEDROOMS DOWN THE HALL THROUGH THE OTHER DOOR! WE'LL SAY GOODNIGHT NOW!
ENJOY YOURSELVES! PERHAPS, IF MORNING COMES, THE STORM WILL BE OVER AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FIND YOUR WAY AGAIN! FOR YOUR SAKES, I SINCERELY HOPE SO! GOODNIGHT!
WHAT DID SHE MEAN... IF MORNING COMES? WHY ARE THEY SO HAPPY TO HAVE US HERE?
I SUPPOSE THEY DON'T HAVE MANY VISITORS! WELL, LET'S DRINK SOME TEA ANYWAY! WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY EARLY TOMORROW MORNING!
3

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

THE SHOW'S ON, GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific!

TELEVISION BANK



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- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!

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COMPLETE WITH BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "scowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've [illegible] them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4¾" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

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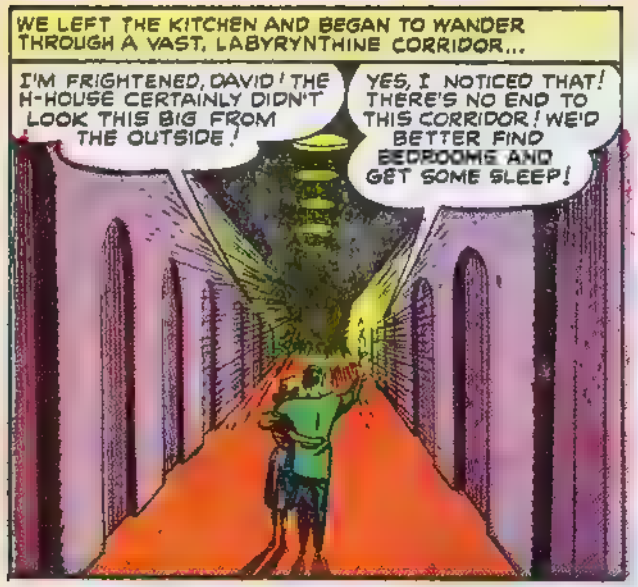
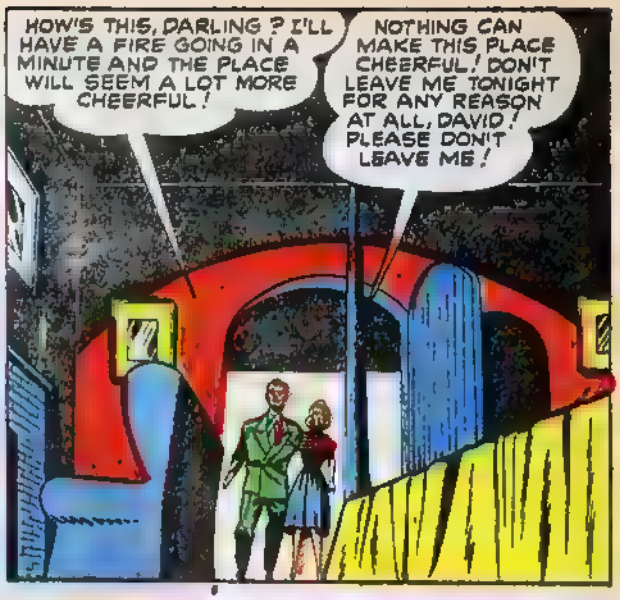
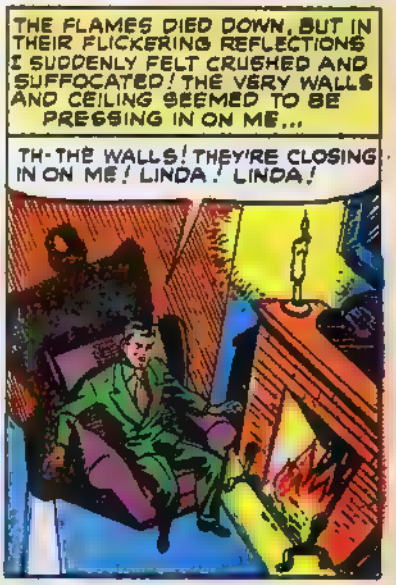

WE LEFT THE KITCHEN AND BEGAN TO WANDER THROUGH A VAST, LABYRYNTHINE CORRIDOR...
I'M FRIGHTENED, DAVID! THE H-HOUSE CERTAINLY DIDN'T LOOK THIS BIG FROM THE OUTSIDE!
YES, I NOTICED THAT! THERE'S NO END TO THIS CORRIDOR! WE'D BETTER FIND BEDROOMS AND GET SOME SLEEP!

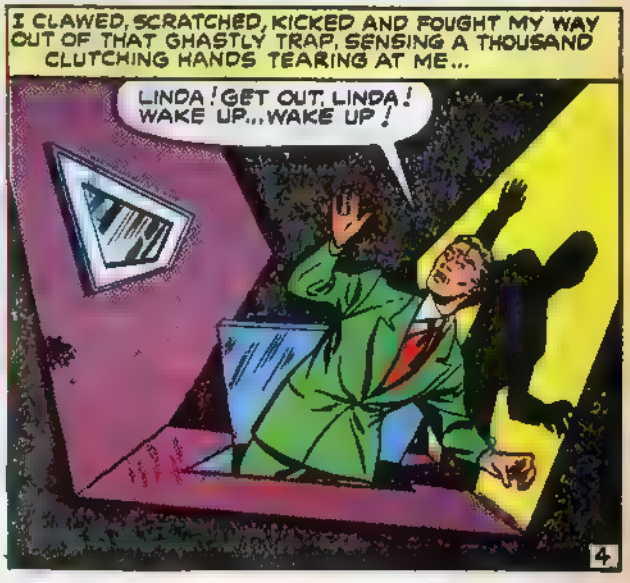

HOW'S THIS, DARLING? I'LL HAVE A FIRE GOING IN A MINUTE AND THE PLACE WILL SEEM A LOT MORE CHEERFUL!
NOTHING CAN MAKE THIS PLACE CHEERFUL! DON'T LEAVE ME TONIGHT FOR ANY REASON AT ALL, DAVID! PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME!

I HAD A ROARING FIRE GOING, BUT SOMEHOW THE ROOM REMAINED DARK AND CHILLY...
THAT'S ODD! THE FIRE IS BLAZING BUT I DON'T FEEL ANY HEAT! YOU'D BETTER TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP, LINDA! I'LL STAY UP FOR AWHILE!
ALL RIGHT, DARLING! WAKE ME UP IF YOU DECIDE TO LEAVE THE ROOM FOR ANY REASON WHATSOEVER, DAVID!

LINDA FELL ASLEEP AND I CONTINUED TO STARE INTO THE FIRE! SUDDENLY I BECAME AWARE OF A MILLION DISTINCT, GROTESQUE FIGURES DANCING IN THE FLAMES...
THOSE ARE L-LIVING, WRITHING, TWINING FIGURES IN THE FLAMES! IT CAN'T BE... BUT I SEE THEM! I M-MUST BE OVER-TIRED!


THE FLAMES DIED DOWN, BUT IN THEIR FLICKERING REFLECTIONS I SUDDENLY FELT CRUSHED AND SUFFOCATED! THE VERY WALLS AND CEILING SEEMED TO BE PRESSING IN ON ME...
TH-THE WALLS! THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON ME! LINDA! LINDA!

N-NO! N-NO!... LINDA... WAKE UP! HELP! HELP!


I CLAWED, SCRATCHED, KICKED AND FOUGHT MY WAY OUT OF THAT GHASTLY TRAP, SENSING A THOUSAND CLUTCHING HANDS TEARING AT ME...
LINDA! GET OUT, LINDA! WAKE UP... WAKE UP!

SOMEHOW I REACHED THE CORRIDOR, AND STUMBLED DOWN IT, FAINTLY AWARE OF A DULL, LUMINESCENT LIGHT WHICH BATHED EVERYTHING...
I'M RUNNING AWAY! I'VE LEFT LINDA BEHIND! N-NO...I MUSTN'T! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO HER!
IN H-HEAVEN'S NAME, STOP! LET ME REACH MY W-WIFE! LINDA! LINDA!
I TURNED AND RAN DOWN THE CORRIDOR LIKE A MADMAN, SMASHING MY FISTS AT EVERY DOOR I PASSED, DESPERATELY SEEKING THE REFUGE OF SOME VACANT ROOM...
LINDA! LINDA, OPEN THE DOOR! IS THIS OUR ROOM? OPEN IT!
I'M SAFE... FOR A WHILE!
S...STOP! LINDA!... LINDA!
I SNATCHED A RAZOR-SHARP SCIMITAR FROM THE WALL AND APPROACHED THE APPALLING THING WITH INSANE FURY...
LET GO OF HER, YOU DEVIL! LET GO, I SAY!
I HACKED AWAY AT THE THING WITH ALL MY STRENGTH AND FELT THE BLADE CHEW THROUGH HIS PULPY SUBSTANCE, TEARING HUGE CHUNKS OF BLOODLESS FLESH FROM ITS BODY...
LET GO... LET GO...
5

THE GHOULISH CREATURE WHITTLED AWAY UNDER MY ATTACKS AND LITTERED THE FLOOR WITH ITS CARCASS! I SEIZED LINDA'S LIMP FORM AND DRAGGED HER OUT OF THE ROOM...

I'LL FIND A DOOR OR WINDOW AND GET OUT OF THIS FOUL PLACE! I WOULD A THOUSAND TIMES RATHER BRAVE ANY STORM THAN SPEND ANOTHER SECOND HERE!

A DOOR LOOMED DIRECTLY AHEAD! I REACHED IT AND WRENCHED IT OPEN WITH ONE HAND, UNAFRAID OF THE PITCH BLACKNESS BEYOND...

WE'RE OUT, LINDA! IT'S DARK, BUT WE'RE SAFE!

THEN I FELT MYSELF PLUNGING INTO BLACKNESS! I REACHED OUT, CLAWING WILDLY FOR SAFETY, BUT THERE WAS NONE! DOWN...DOWN...DOWN...

I WOKE UP SCREAMING AND STRUGGLING, BITING AND KICKING...

YEEEAAH! HELLLP! LINDA! L-LINDA!

BE QUIET, MY DARLING! IT'S ALL RIGHT! I'M HERE...I'M HERE! HUSH, MY SWEETHEART, HUSH!

W-WHERE AM I? WH-WHAT H-HAPPENED?

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A NIGHTMARE! I FOUND YOU DANGLING FROM THE EDGE OF THE WINDOW SILL! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE, DARLING! I HAD THE MOST GHASTLY DREAM!

WE HUDDLED TOGETHER AND COMPARED NOTES! SLOWLY THE REALIZATION STRUCK US! IT WASN'T A DREAM OR A NIGHTMARE! IT WAS TRUE...

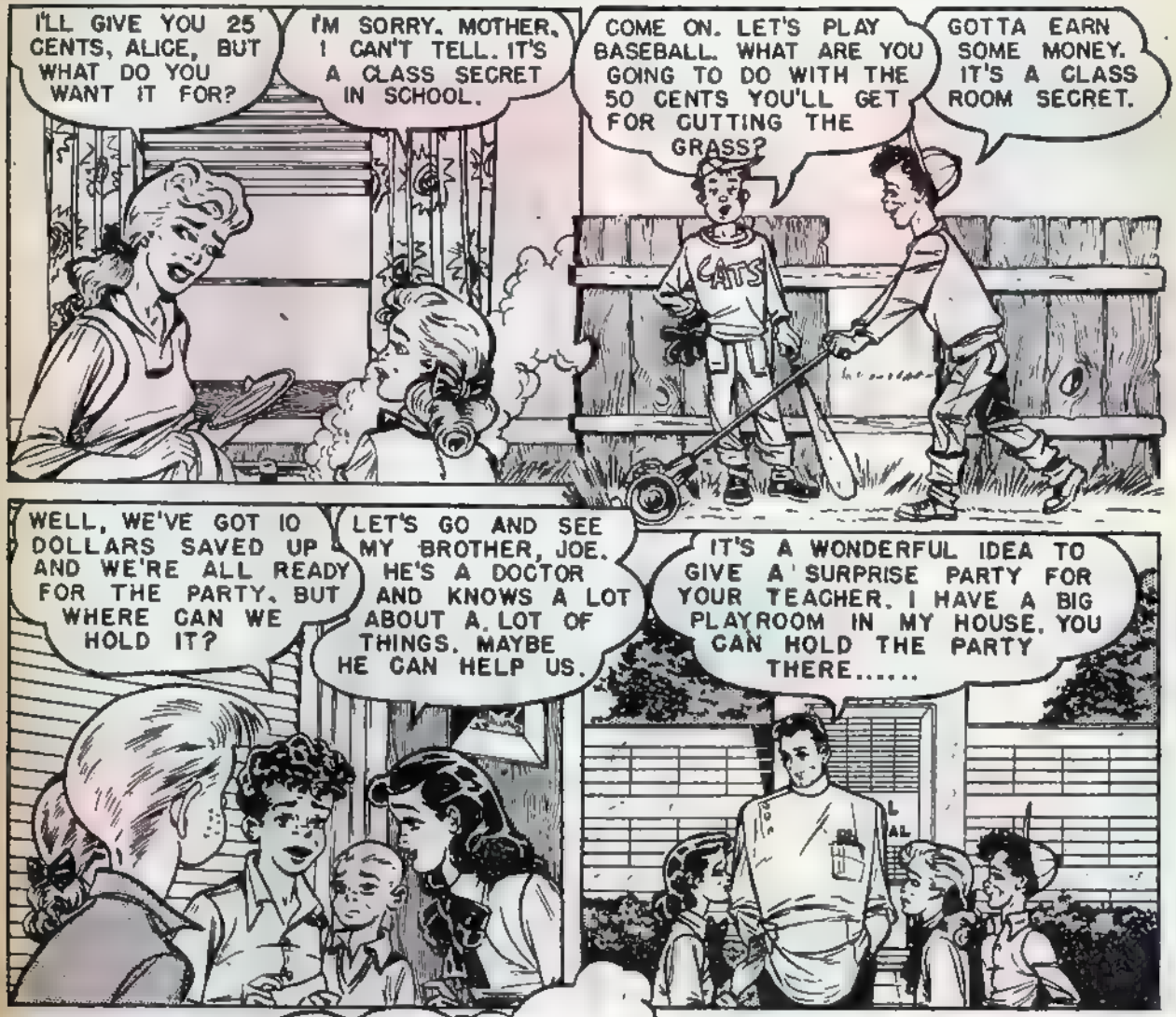
AND THEN I DREAMED I WAS BEING CRUSHED BY A HIDEOUS MONSTER! YOU ENTERED THE ROOM AND BEGAN HACKING AT HIM UNTIL HE FELL TO BITS!

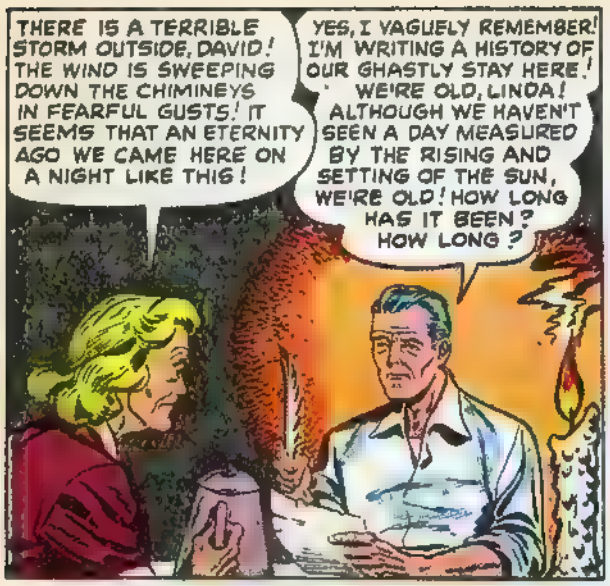
LINDA! LINDA, IT WASN'T A DREAM! I DID STRIKE HIM! I CUT HIM TO BITS AND DRAGGED YOU OUT OF HERE! WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE, LINDA?

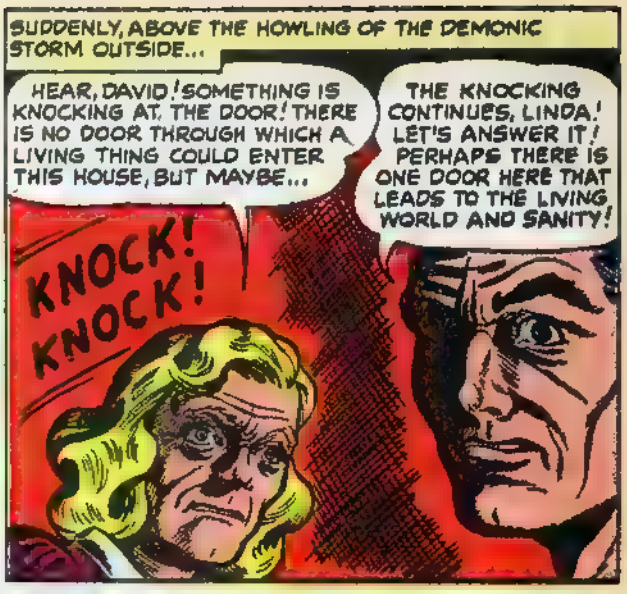
THAT WAS MONTHS, MAYBE YEARS AGO! WE'RE STILL IN TWILIGHT HOUSE, TRAPPED IN AN ETERNAL HORROR! THERE IS NO ESCAPE! EVERY WINDOW, EVERY DOOR IN THIS VAST CHAMBER OF HORRORS, LOOKS OUT OVER A BLACK, BOTTOMLESS PRECIPICE! WE KNOW NOW WHY IT IS CALLED TWILIGHT HOUSE! DAYLIGHT NEVER COMES HERE! WE ARE LIVING IN TWILIGHT-FILLED LIMBO OF TIMELESS EVIL! EACH HOUR SOME NEW HORROR CONFRONTS US... NOT DREAMS, BUT THE LIVING HORROR OF AN ENDLESS DEATH!

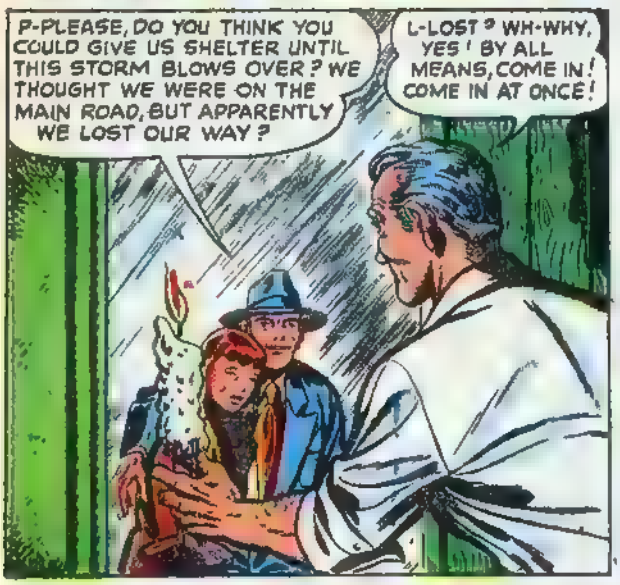
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

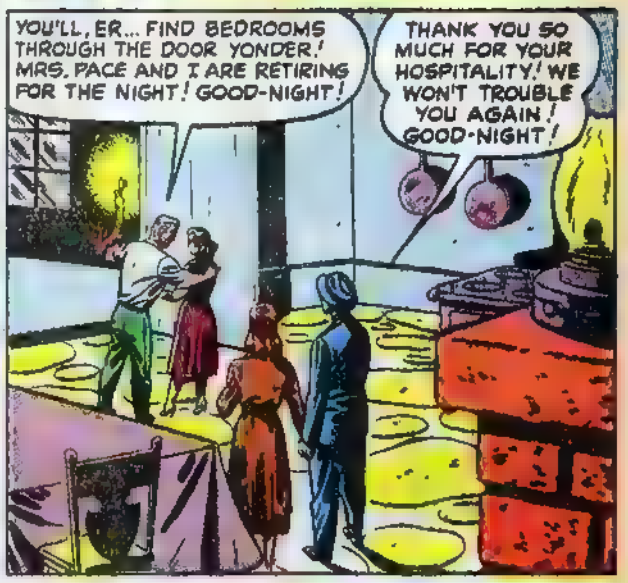
the classroom secret


I'LL GIVE YOU 25 CENTS, ALICE, BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?
I'M SORRY, MOTHER. I CAN'T TELL. IT'S A CLASS SECRET IN SCHOOL.
COME ON. LET'S PLAY BASEBALL. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE 50 CENTS YOU'LL GET FOR CUTTING THE GRASS?
GOTTA EARN SOME MONEY. IT'S A CLASS ROOM SECRET.
WELL, WE'VE GOT 10 DOLLARS SAVED UP AND WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE PARTY. BUT WHERE CAN WE HOLD IT?
LET'S GO AND SEE MY BROTHER, JOE. HE'S A DOCTOR AND KNOWS A LOT ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS. MAYBE HE CAN HELP US.
IT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA TO GIVE A SURPRISE PARTY FOR YOUR TEACHER. I HAVE A BIG PLAYROOM IN MY HOUSE. YOU CAN HOLD THE PARTY THERE.....
I'M GLAD YOU CHILDREN CAN SEE HOW IMPORTANT TEACHERS ARE. WHEN I WAS YOUNGER MY TEACHER HELPED ME TO BE A DOCTOR. IF IT WEREN'T FOR TEACHERS, NONE OF US WOULD GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD OR LEARN ANYTHING.
THANK YOU FOR THIS WONDERFUL PARTY, CHILDREN! IT CERTAINLY MAKES ME GLAD I AM A TEACHER.
FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO HELP IMPROVE YOUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS WRITE TO NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMISSION FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS 2 WEST 45TH STREET NEW YORK, 19, N.Y.
FASANO


THERE IS A TERRIBLE STORM OUTSIDE, DAVID! THE WIND IS SWEEPING DOWN THE CHIMNEYS IN FEARFUL GUSTS! IT SEEMS THAT AN ETERNITY AGO WE CAME HERE ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!
YES, I VAGUELY REMEMBER! I'M WRITING A HISTORY OF OUR GHASTLY STAY HERE! WE'RE OLD, LINDA! ALTHOUGH WE HAVEN'T SEEN A DAY MEASURED BY THE RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN, WE'RE OLD! HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN? HOW LONG?

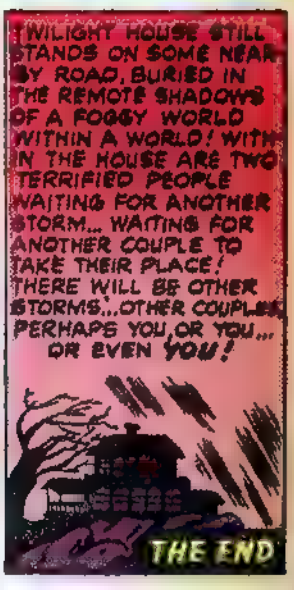

SUDDENLY, ABOVE THE HOWLING OF THE DEMONIC STORM OUTSIDE...
HEAR, DAVID! SOMETHING IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR! THERE IS NO DOOR THROUGH WHICH A LIVING THING COULD ENTER THIS HOUSE, BUT MAYBE...
KNOCK! KNOCK!
THE KNOCKING CONTINUES, LINDA! LET'S ANSWER IT! PERHAPS THERE IS ONE DOOR HERE THAT LEADS TO THE LIVING WORLD AND SANITY!


P-PLEASE, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD GIVE US SHELTER UNTIL THIS STORM BLOWS OVER? WE THOUGHT WE WERE ON THE MAIN ROAD, BUT APPARENTLY WE LOST OUR WAY?
L-LOST? WH-WHY, YES! BY ALL MEANS, COME IN! COME IN AT ONCE!


YOU'LL, ER... FIND BEDROOMS THROUGH THE DOOR YONDER! MRS. PACE AND I ARE RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT! GOOD-NIGHT!
THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY! WE WON'T TROUBLE YOU AGAIN! GOOD-NIGHT!

THE DOOR SLAMMED BEHIND US AND WE WERE OUT...OUT IN THE WONDERFUL LIFE-GIVING STORM... RUNNING... RUNNING... RUNNING...
WE'RE FREE, DAVID! WE'RE FREE AT LAST!
HEAVEN HELP THOSE YOUNG PEOPLE! THEY MUST STAY UNTIL TWO OTHERS COME TO TWILIGHT HOUSE!
7

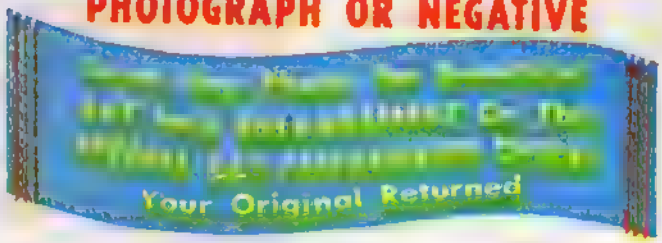
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WE LEARNED THE HORRIBLE TRUTH...
READ IT, LINDA! WE ENTERED TWILIGHT HOUSE ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 5TH, 1950 WE SPENT YEARS THERE, AND YET THIS PAPER IS DATED MONDAY, AUGUST 4TH, 1950!
W-WE HAVE LIVED THROUGH TOMORROW, DAVID? IT CAN'T BE! OHHHH, NO!
DAILY GLOBE


TWILIGHT HOUSE STILL STANDS ON SOME NEAR BY ROAD, BURIED IN THE REMOTE SHADOWS OF A FOGGY WORLD WITHIN A WORLD! WITHIN THE HOUSE ARE TWO TERRIFIED PEOPLE WAITING FOR ANOTHER STORM... WAITING FOR ANOTHER COUPLE TO TAKE THEIR PLACE! THERE WILL BE OTHER STORMS...OTHER COUPLES, PERHAPS YOU, OR YOU... OR EVEN YOU!
THE END

New silk-finish enlargement, ivory gold-tooled frame

Sensational Offer Only 19¢ EACH

FROM YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOT, PHOTOGRAPH OR NEGATIVE



Have you ever wished you could have your own favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the pictures of Movie Stars? If you act now, you can make your wish come true. Just to get acquainted, we will make you a handsome, silk finish enlargement, mounted in a rich, gold-tooled frame with glassine front and standing easel back for only 19c each for the Picture and Frame, plus cost of mailing. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more like yourself with the famous studio portrait quality of our work, we now make this trial offer to you.

Think of it, only 19c each for a beautiful enlargement and frame you will cherish for years to come. Because of the sensational low price of this get-acquainted offer we must set a limit of 2 to a customer. So hurry—send one or two of your best photographs (either picture or negative) with the coupon below today. *Be sure to include the color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully colored in life-like oils. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon to us today. Include all information. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned.

RUSH YOUR ORDER! Your enlargement will be shipped direct from our Hollywood studios!

IMPORTANT!—DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY MONEY to Receive Your Beautiful New Silk Finish ENLARGEMENT and Ivory Gold-Tooled Frame

Here's What to Do:—SEND NO MONEY! Just send us a snapshot, photograph or negative of your favorite picture. Mail with the coupon. Accept your beautifully framed enlargement when it arrives and pay postman only 19c each plus small mailing cost for picture and frame. If not completely satisfied, return the enlargement within 10 days and your money will be refunded. *But you may keep the frame as a gift for promptness.* Limit 2 to a customer. Original snapshot or negative will be returned. *NOTE Be sure to enclose color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oils. Rush coupon with snapshot or negative today before offer is withdrawn.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon Today!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 1818-D
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Enclosed find _____ snapshot or negative. (Specify number, limit 2)

Please make _____ Enlargement and Frame. (Specify number limit 2)

I will pay postman only 19c each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ (Zone) STATE _____

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 and 2.

COLOR—Picture No. 1
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

COLOR—Picture No. 2
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!

ACTUAL LENGTH 3½"

RUSH COUPON NOW!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing $1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get $1 back. Order today!

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept 2810
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

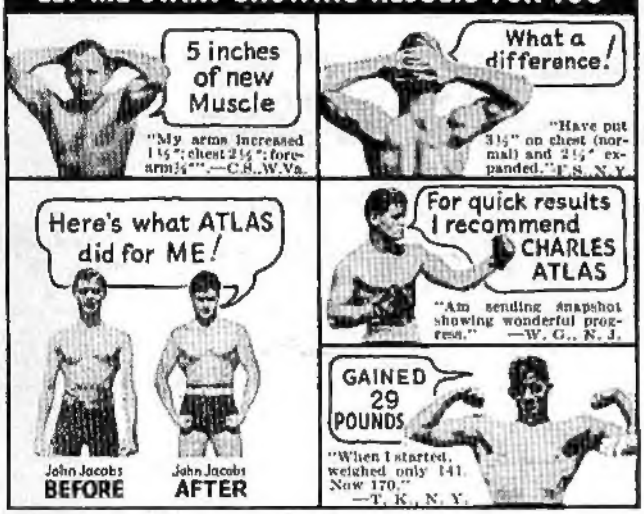
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a *New Man?*

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU


5 inches of new Muscle
"My arms increased 1½"; chest 2½"; forearm ¾"."—C.S., W.Va.
What a difference!
"Have put 3½" on chest (normal) and 2½" expanded."—F.S., N.Y.
Here's what ATLAS did for ME!
John Jacobs BEFORE
John Jacobs AFTER
For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS
"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful progress." —W. G., N. J.
GAINED 29 POUNDS
"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." —T. K., N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in international contest—*in competition with A.L. men who would consent to appear against him.*

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—**my way.** I give you **no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.** When you have learned to develop your strength through **"Dynamic Tension"** you can laugh at **artificial** muscle makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—**"Dynamic Tension"**—will turn the trick for you. No **theory**—every exercise is **practical.** And, man, **so easy!** Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of **"Dynamic Tension"** almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

FREE BOOK

'Everlasting Health and Strength'

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book *today*—at ONCE. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 609, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 609
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

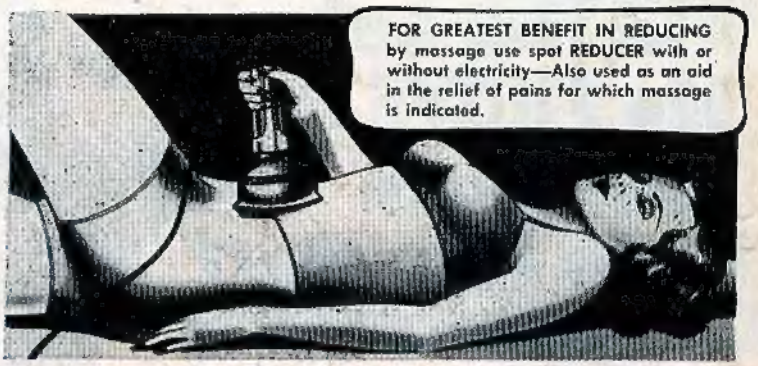
Name..... *Age*.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City..... *State*.....

REDUCE KEEP SLIM AT HOME WITH RELAXING, SOOTHING MASSAGE!

ELECTRIC SPOT REDUCER



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED

TAKE OFF UGLY FAT!

Don't Stay FAT— You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY without risking HEALTH

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim —but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

CAN'T SLEEP: Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

MUSCULAR ACHES: A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

USED BY EXPERTS: Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. E-132
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1, upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

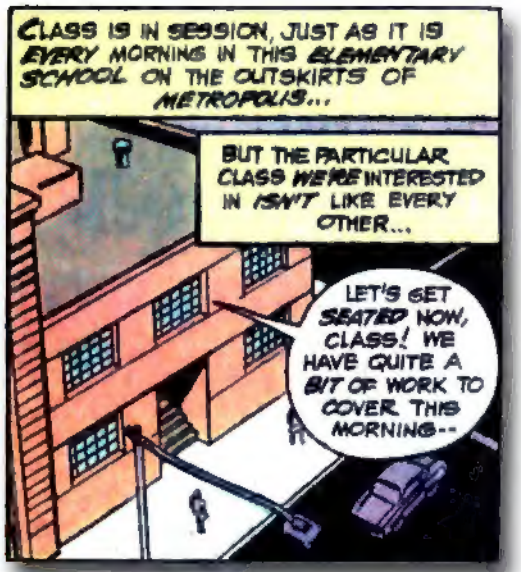
Name_____

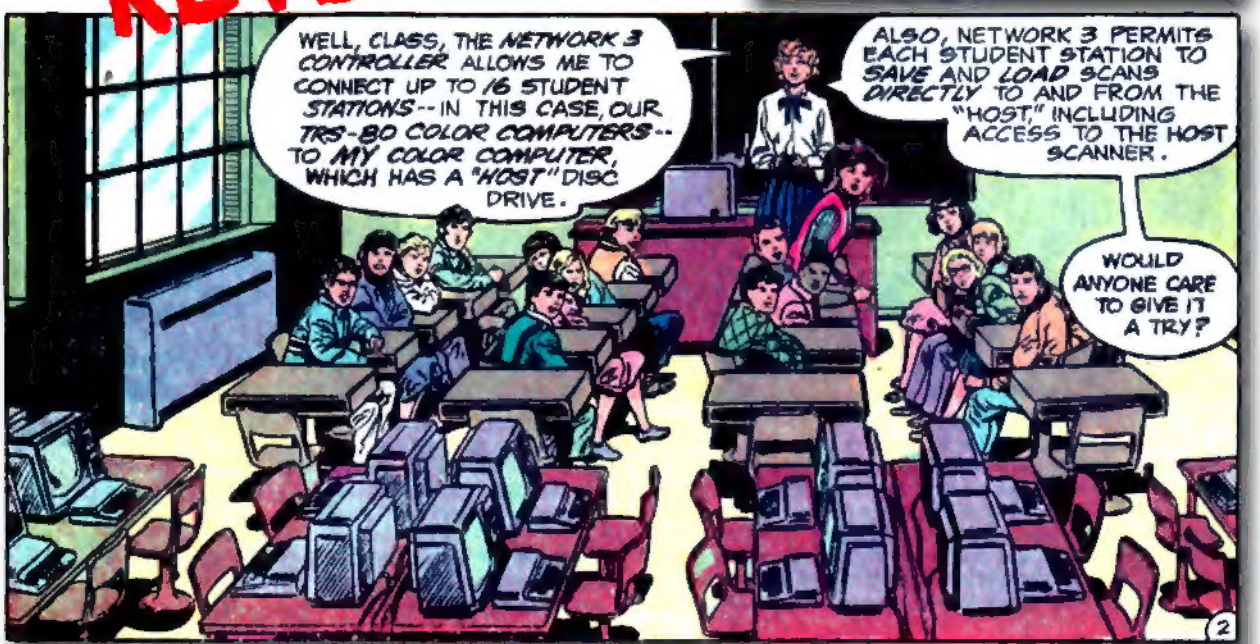
Address_____

City_____ State_____

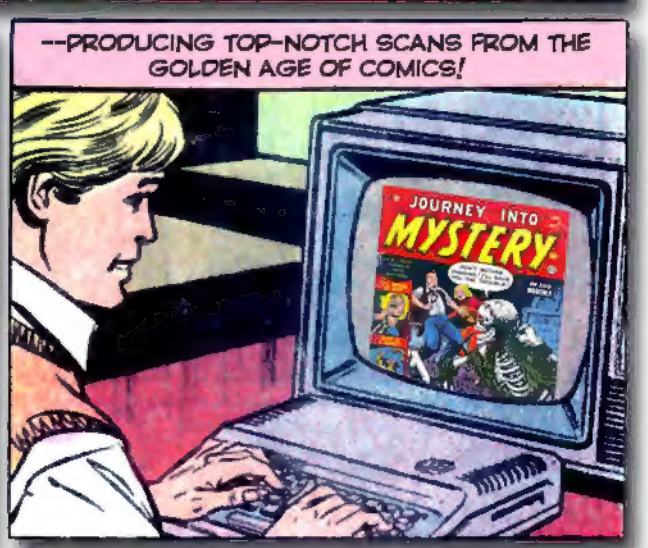
☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose $9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

SECRETS of the PMACK SCANNING EMPIRE REVEALED


CLASS IS IN SESSION, JUST AS IT IS EVERY MORNING IN THIS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS...
BUT THE PARTICULAR CLASS WE'RE INTERESTED IN ISN'T LIKE EVERY OTHER...
LET'S GET SEATED NOW, CLASS! WE HAVE QUITE A BIT OF WORK TO COVER THIS MORNING--


WELL, CLASS, THE NETWORK 3 CONTROLLER ALLOWS ME TO CONNECT UP TO 16 STUDENT STATIONS -- IN THIS CASE, OUR TRS-80 COLOR COMPUTERS -- TO MY COLOR COMPUTER, WHICH HAS A "HOST" DISC DRIVE.
ALSO, NETWORK 3 PERMITS EACH STUDENT STATION TO SAVE AND LOAD SCANS DIRECTLY TO AND FROM THE "HOST," INCLUDING ACCESS TO THE HOST SCANNER.
WOULD ANYONE CARE TO GIVE IT A TRY?
2

ALL RIGHT, LET'S SWITCH ON OUR COMPUTERS AND GET STARTED.
AND SO, FOR THE NEXT HOUR, THERE IS SILENCE IN THE CLASS-ROOM AS THE SIXTH-GRADERS APPLY THEMSELVES TO THE TASK AT HAND--



* NOT AN ACCURATE REPRESENTATION OF PMACK!

Pmack Scans: shamelessly exploiting child labor since 2005